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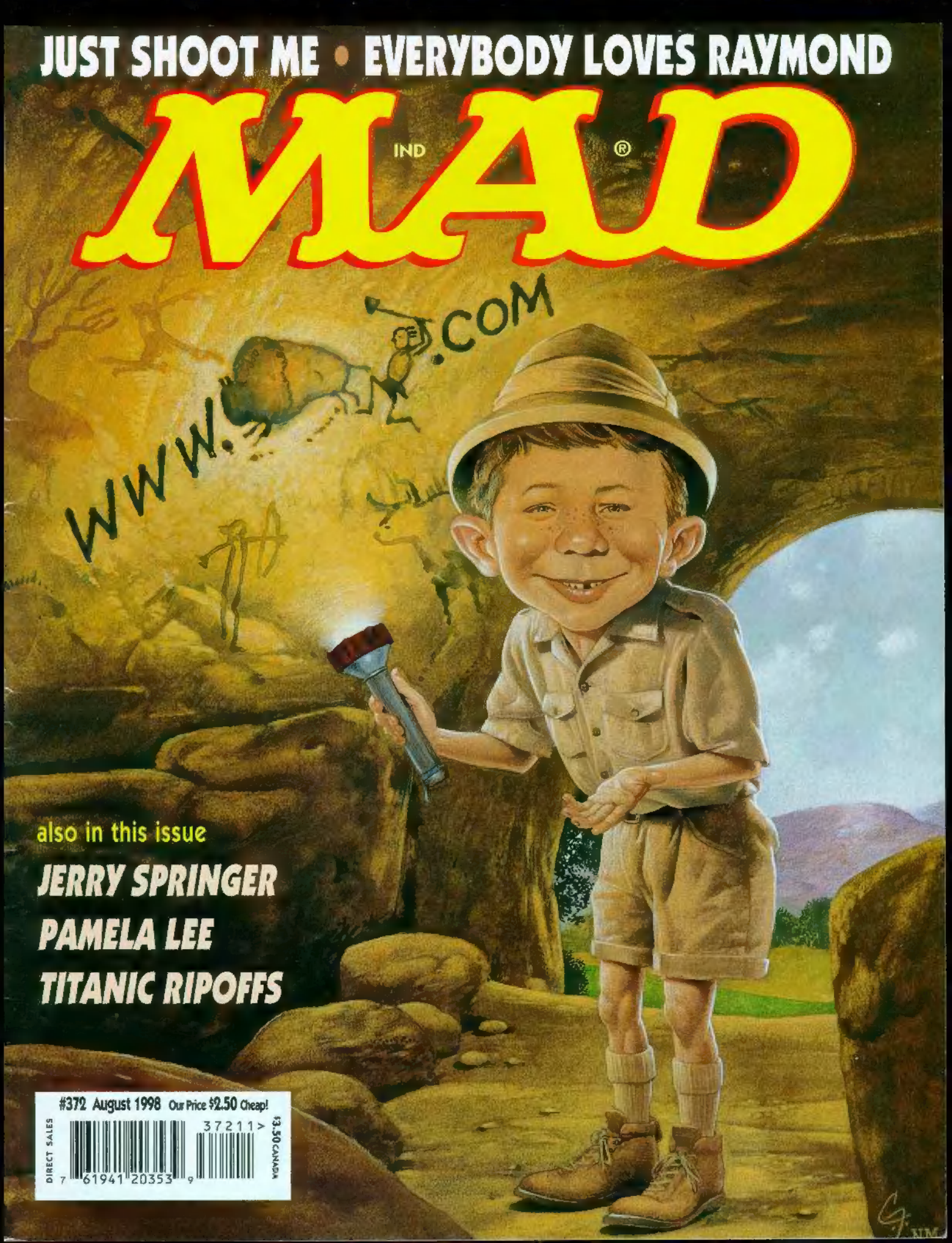
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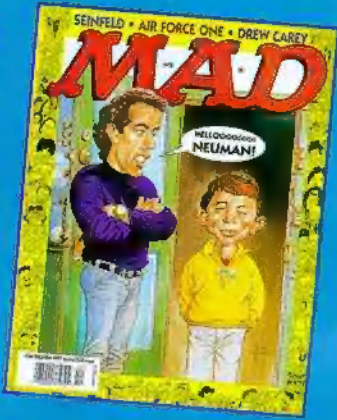
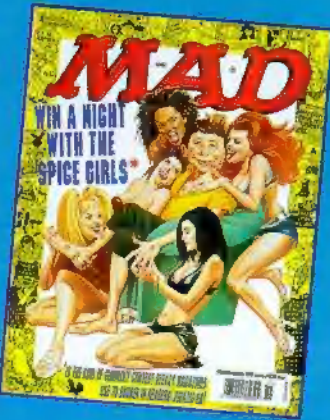
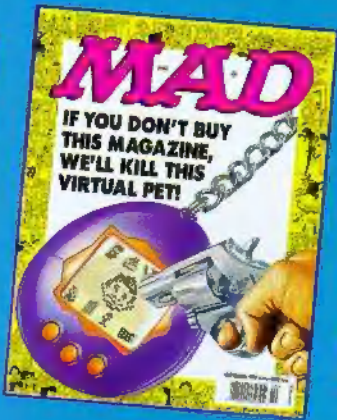
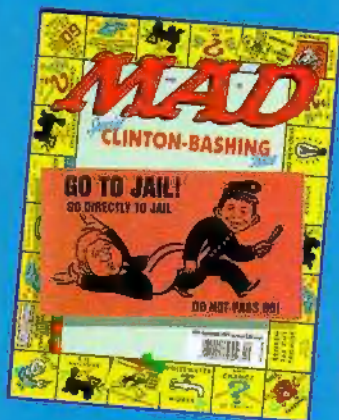
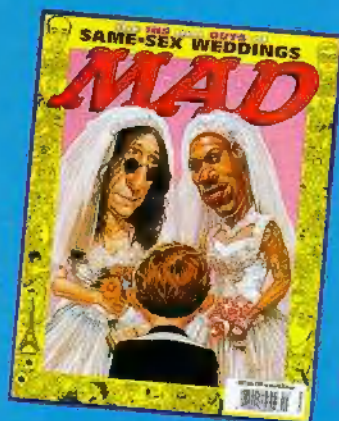
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MAD

AUGUST 1998 **NUMBER 372**

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MAD #373
ON SALE AUGUST 18!



MONROE &... THE LIBRARIAN

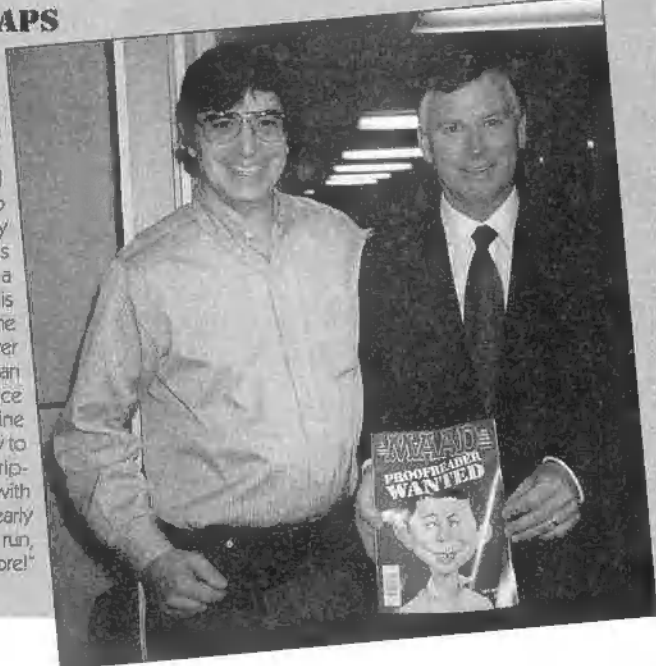
I am a children's librarian. You knew you were going to hear from our kind, didn't you? I don't think "Monroe" is even remotely funny. However, I'm glad you created him! In the world of comics, I don't think there's another character that comes close to reflecting the grim reality of home life that so many kids struggle against. Kids need to know they are normal — whatever that is. It's especially the kids like Monroe who need validation, validation that you provide. Hooray for Anthony Barbieri, Bill Wray and MAD!

Frieda Weber
Fort Edward, NY

Frieda — We are always happy to hear from a doyenne of the Dewey Decimal System! In fact, we would like to take this opportunity to invite librarians from around the world to share with us their MAD turn-ons and turn-offs. We promise to publish the best of these thoughtful missives in upcoming issues. All letters are due by September 22nd. After that there will be a late fine of 10 cents a day! —Ed.

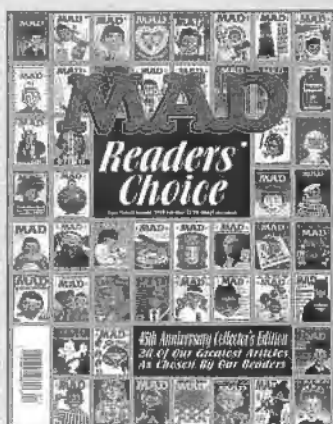
MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Throughout the ages, one of the eternal questions pondered by man is "Is there a God?" We must admit that in weakened moments we've found ourselves asking that question and answering it with a resounding NO! But all of that's changed now thanks to a single MAD reader, Mr. Andy Kaufman of Manchester, NH and his trusty 35mm camera! There has to be a God or else how can one explain this ultimate, über "celebrity snap" — the "MAAD-Proofreader Wanted" cover (#355) being held by none other than Mr. Potato Head himself, former Vice President and International Punchline Dan Quayle! We are more than happy to give Mr. Kaufman a three-year subscription to MAD! If Danny Boy posed with this cover in the hopes of garnering early support for a year 2000 Presidential run, all we can say is, "Hello, President Gore!"



MAD RIPOFF OF THE YEAR

Well, well, well! Look what our editorial buddies over at *Time* magazine are up to. Have they no shame? Are they so bereft of ideas that they once again have to steal totally original cover designs from our poor little magazine? It's a good thing that they're a sister publication or our sparkplug attorney "Lawyer Li" would be on them faster than you can say "intellectual property"! What's next? Roger Kaputnik as Man of the Year? Fa!



MAD Super Special
January, 1998



TIME
March, 1998



man of the year

PHOTO: Victor Bogdanov

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"ENTERTAIN ME WEAKLY"

The new *Entertainment Weekly* spoof in issue #368 is hilarious! The art direction is right on target and the writing made me laugh out loud! Brilliant!

David Vogler
davidv3249@aol.com

Issue #368's parody of that relentlessly inane, hipper-than-thou, questionable-celebrity photo mill best used as a substitute for corncobs or the Sears catalog in the privy of a remote logging camp, a.k.a *Entertainment Weekly*, was so dead-on, my eyes began to glaze over at the sight and I had to force myself to read it!

Jonathan Arnett
Whittier, CA

I am very ashamed of you. In the *Entertainment Weekly* parody, you made fun of Carrot Top and Pauley Shore. They stand for everything you believe in: Cheap laughs and stupidity!

Ryan Herron
Borger, TX

Rye Bread — We (fart) do not (fart) stand (fart) for cheap laughs (fart, fart) and stupidity (fart, fart, fart)! Thanks for (fart) writing —Ed.
P.S. * Sniff * Sniff* Do you smell something funny? (fart)

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FRENCH STICKLER

Dillholes! Don't you know that *faux pas* is French, not Spanish (Letters Page #368)? Where'd you learn Spanish, Bob's House O' Language? Oh — here's a freebie: *El freaking morons* is Spanish for "MAD's Usual Gang of Idiots."

Blake Goulette
Cedarville, OH

Blakey — Maybe you can translate these French phrases: *Blake Goulette es un loser muy grande! Muchas gracias por your lettero, now por favor get un lifo, amigo! Hasta la vista, clownbird!* —Le Ed!

TRAVELING LIGHT

One blunder could be excused, but two *faux pas* (that equals eight *pas*) in the same article on the same subject is unconscionable. In the *Alien Resurrection* satire (MAD #368) in panels 7 and 15, reference is made to Light Years as being a measurement of time. The term is defined as the distance light travels in a year (in vacuo) or about six trillion miles. I may be an egghead, but it is egg on your face.

John Duckering
Odessa, TX

Duckman — Actually, it's egg on both our faces (a comedy omelette if you will!). You are correct that a light year is a measurement of distance, not time. However, you blew it with your incorrect use of the phrase *faux pas* (which, as our good amigo Blake Goulette pointed out above, is Spanish for *beautiful sunset*)! See you at Berlitz! —Ed.



MAD MUMBLINGS @aol.com

A man named Jim lives in my lava lamp. — Lizzlell...I like to snort JELLO...but only the green. — Casaele!557...When I grow up I'm gonna be a paper clip — CARTMANip...Mwahahahahal I am the King of the Toaster Pastries! — Mukiebear!...Cows only go up stairs not down them — StevieJH...I stalk goats! — Manjarro...If the cat is in the hat, shouldn't the mongoose be in the stockings? — Curly rk...Don't lick the microwave! — Chrono1418



HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 372, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

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THE DISGRACE OF SPADE'S DEPT.

It's a hot TV comedy series that's sometimes funny, occasionally hip and infrequently clever, but mostly it's just another in a long line of lame office sitcoms! It's ripe for parody! A show that seems to be crying out...

I have an appointment here at *Flush Magazine!* I'm the new writer!

Wow! A babe! Welcome to *Flush!* I'm Jock Shallow, the Publisher! Perhaps we can discuss your duties over cocktails and dinner?

There's a couple of problems with that! One is, you're old enough to be my father!

Not a big problem! And the other?

You ARE my father!

Slightly trickier! But let's work with it!

Flush Magazine®

Jock Shallow Pub.

It's Jock's estranged daughter, Mayo! She's here to change the magazine and change his life!

She may have to change more than that! The man is 63 years old with a prostate the size of Gibraltar!

It's true! I heard he has a double hernia from carrying it around!

DRUCKER

JUST SOUP ME CO.

Just Spoof Me!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: JOSH GORDON



Dad, who, exactly, is your typical *Flush* reader?

We've done tests! Their IQ is equal to their bra size!

And you're okay with that?

Certainly not! But after that silicone article, their boobs will be larger than their IQs and I'll sell even more magazines, and become even richer! God, I love the smell of publishing in the morning!

Dad, I'd like to improve things! I want to make this magazine smarter and classier!

Good idea! I know exactly the spin you're going for —

Here you go: *Flush's* Millennium Issue!

"If The Century's Brightest Women Had Cosmetic Makeovers"!

See? If Eleanor Roosevelt had a facelift! Golda Meir with a tummy tuck! Madame Curie with breast implants...!

You're like your magazine — you're slick and glossy and empty inside!

Buttering me up won't help! I'm still running that silicone story!

This is beneath me! I'm a serious news journalist suddenly trapped in the world of love quizzes, makeovers and fashion don'ts!

I understand, Mayo! I feel your pain!

You're feeling my leg!

Okay, I'm feeling a pain in your leg!

Flinch, what exactly do you do around here?

I'm your father's right hand man! Luckily, he's a lefty, so I can just sit on my butt all day and be snide!

I heard you're his personal assistant!

Is that what "right hand man" means?

Yeah! What did you think it meant?

Frankly, considering your father's horniness, I was afraid to ask!

So... tell me your story. Nooner!

At one time I was the greatest fashion model in the world!

What happened?

In the summer of '78, it started to sink!

Your career?

No, my tush!



This is a handicapped parking space!

It's okay! I have a permit!
You do?

Yes! After I hit 40, the staff declared me "cosmetically challenged"!

Flush Magazine
STAFF PARKING

This is so sexist! Anyone who's a half-naked bimbo gets special attention! This place is nothing but a parade of young, sexy flesh!

We thought we'd fix that! That's why we added you to our cast!

You forget I was in *Pretty Woman*!

Yeah, you were the fourth prettiest in the film!

Fourth prettiest?

Julia Roberts, Richard Gere, Jason Alexander... then you!

Okay, let's get the meeting started!

Here's my worst nightmare! It involves karo syrup, a set of lug nuts and the cast of *Buffy*!

What the hell does that mean, Flinch?

It doesn't matter! It was hip, it had rhythm, it had hot references! I'm in a comedy zone, man!

Every week I carry this show with great one-liners! But I can't get a series of my own!

Do you think that would be wise?

Other SNL grads have had their shot! Why not me?

Do you really want the pain? Do you remember Chevy's show? Have you seen Aykroyd's fiasco on ABC? Need I say more?

Yes, you do!

Okay, two words: Joe Piscopo!

THE- RAPIST

YOU ARE HERE

Mayo, I need a big favor! Come to my house tonight and we'll have kinky sex using vacuum cleaner attachments!

Okay, then let's get naked, sit on veal shanks, and watch a sleazy slugfest on *Jerry Springer*!

Who cares? It was hip, it had rhythm! I'm in a comedy zone again!

That's disgusting!

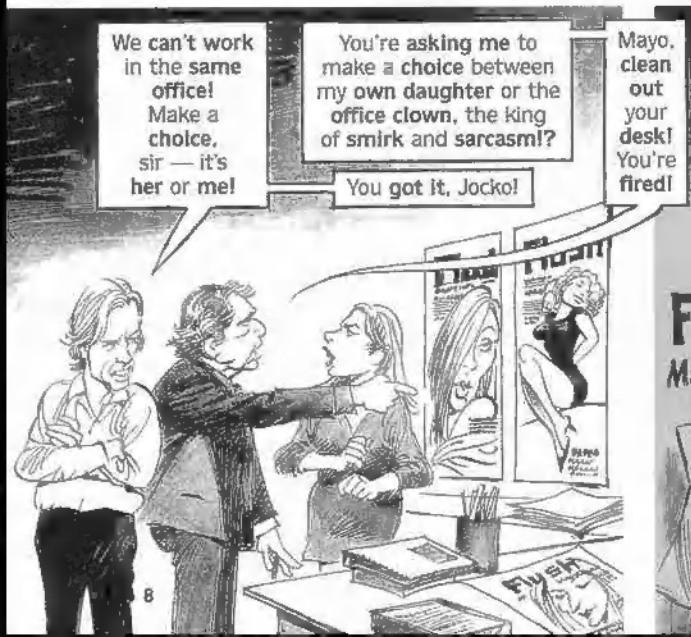
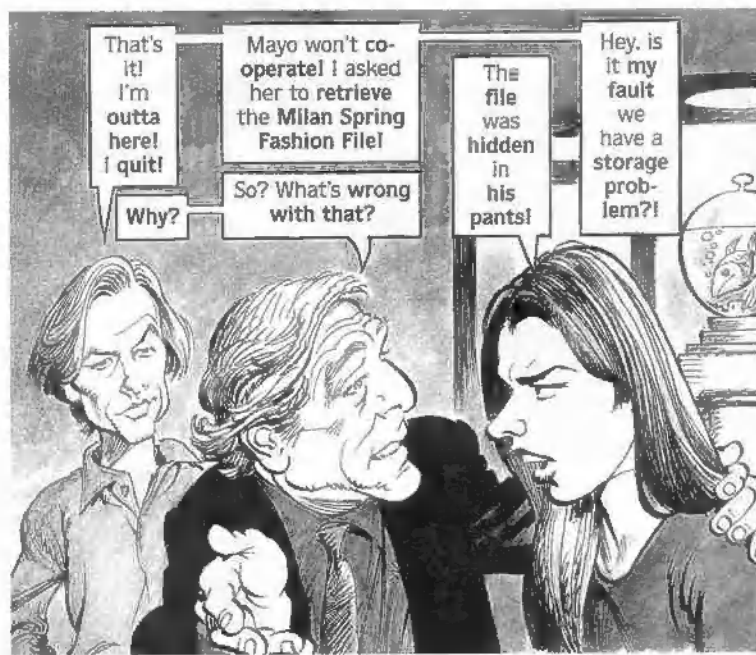
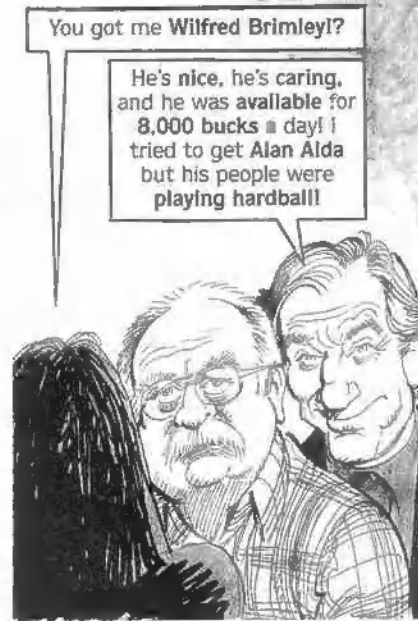
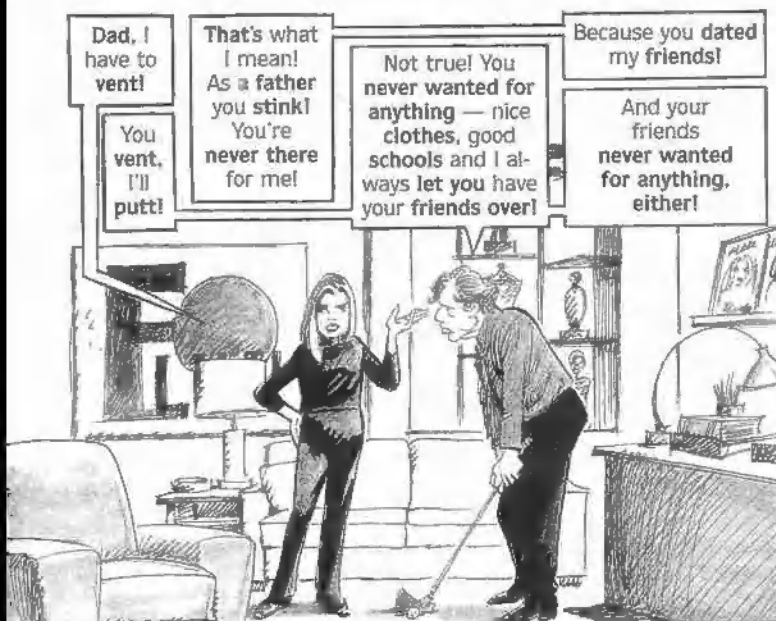
What does that mean?

Dad, it's time we had a heart to heart talk!

I'm afraid that's not possible!

Oh, you're busy?

My character was written without a heart! But they also wrote me incredibly wealthy! I'll call Columbia Presbyterian and have them rush an aorta or two right over!





VH-DUMB DEPT.

MAD POP OFF VIDEO

USHER "NICE AND SLOW"

This video was shot entirely in France, and the director made sure to insert shots of several local sights.

This, however, is probably the LEAST popular attraction at EuroDisney.

Kidnapping, mysterious briefcases, motorcycles, sex appeal... this video has everything that made *Pulp Fiction* a hit.

Except that *Pulp Fiction* had good music.

In this song, Usher vows, "I'll freak you right, I will... I'll freak you right, I will..."

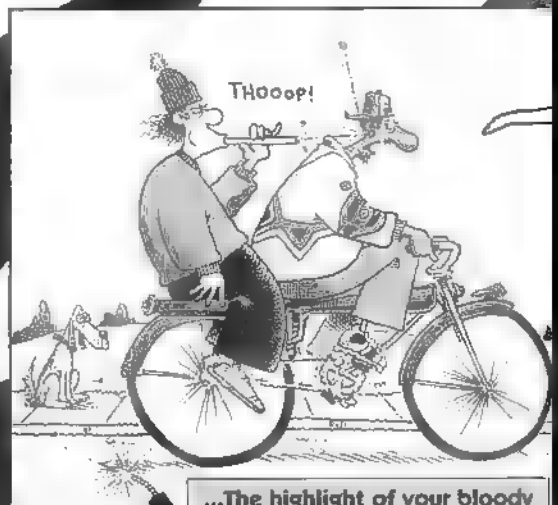
Which is good, because nothing weighs more heavily on the mind than the potential for improper freakage.

He's riding high now, but a couple of flop videos and the designation "Usher" will refer to his job title and not his name.



For all the bad press terrorism receives, it really isn't such a bad job. You get to set your own hours, travel anywhere in the world you want for free simply by hijacking a plane and you get to blow up anything that you don't like! It's a very tempting career path, isn't it? But for the thousands of merchant of death wannabes out there, only a few have the necessary skills, determination and ruthlessness to really succeed! How about you? Do you have the wrong stuff? Read on and judge for yourself as we present...

You're Really Not Much of a Terrorist if...



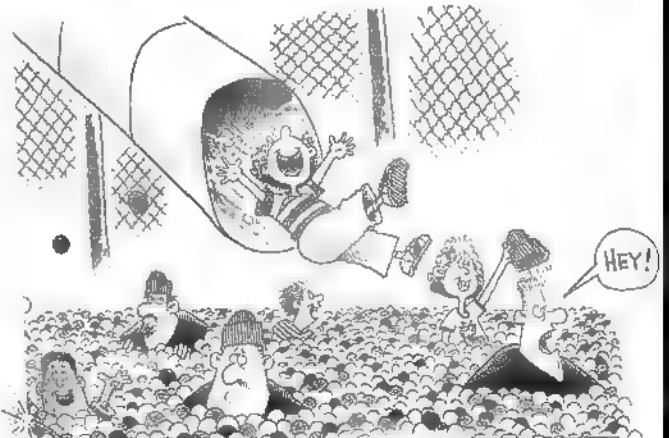
...The highlight of your bloody reign of terror involved hijacking a guy on a 10-speed and forcing him to take you to the mall.



...You finance your subversive activities by selling cookies door to door.



...You are known to relieve the boredom associated with prolonged captivity by treating your political hostages to a day at the track.



...All your covert training sessions are held in the plastic ball bin at Discovery Zone.

OUCH!
THAT STINGS,
DAMMIT!

SO, NOW
YOU WILL TALK!
OKAY???

BITE ME,
GOOFBALL!

...Your primary method of intimidation
is "Chinese Helium Torture."

...You've been known to infiltrate the nerve center of major international corporations for the sole purpose of pressing all the elevator buttons.

HA
HA! HA!
HOOOO! HAHAHA!
HA! YUK
YUK YUK!!!
HAAAA!
HA-HA!

...Instead of the appearance on *America's Most Wanted* you counted on, the video of your crime against humanity airs on *Bloopers, Bleepers and Practical Jokes*.

...Yours is the only terrorist organization with a big lovable mascot named "Bucky."

NEXT TIME, UNLESS
YOU MEET OUR DEMANDS,
KRAZY GLUE!!!

...Your group issues a press release taking credit for filling the coin return slots of midtown pay phones with shaving cream.

...You once spent three days in a trash can outside a Manhattan apartment building in an unsuccessful bid to "pie" Salman Rushdie.



GLENN SET TO GO INTO SPACE AGAIN

Senator to Recreate '62 Feat as USA's First Man in Orbit

CAPE CANAVERAL, July 14 (AP) Seventy-seven-year-old ex-astronaut John Glenn practiced pre-flight procedures aboard the space shuttle Columbia today in preparation for his historic return to space later this year.

The former Senator, who will become the oldest man to explore the heavens, told reporters he "feels like a million bucks" and



WHEN OTHER OLD-TIMERS TRY TO RELIVE THEIR GREATEST DAY

71-YEAR-OLD CROWNED MISS AMERICA AGAIN

1948 WINNER RECAPTURES TITLE IN 1998

ATLANTIC CITY, NJ, Sept. 17 — Debra Dene Barnes was crowned Miss America last night, almost 50 years to the day that she first won the beauty contest.

A startled nation watched as Ms. Barnes, 71, hobbled down the runway and relived her first moment of glory.

"When I entered the contest, I didn't think I would have a chance of winning," said a surprised Ms. Barnes after the awards ceremony.

"But since the committee put the 'no silicone' rule into effect this year, I was the only contestant who wasn't disqualified."

Debra Dene, who was originally Miss Kansas, is a retired school teacher who spends most of her time at her periodontist trying to get her dentures to fit correctly.

A miffed Miss Nebraska said afterwards that she was shocked at the judges.



Oh There She Goes — Newly crowned 71-year-old Miss America Debra Dene Barnes momentarily stumbles while walking down the runway during last night's ceremony.

DODGER GREAT VISITS EBBETS FIELD, GETS MUGGED

BROOKLYN, NY, July 15 — In an attempt to recapture his glory years with the old Brooklyn Dodgers, Arkansas native Preacher Roe went back to the site where Ebbets Field once stood and was promptly mugged by a gang of toughs.

Roe was unaware that Ebbets Field had been torn down and replaced in the late 1950s by what has become one of the most dangerous and crime-ridden housing projects in the East.

"I knew the Dodgers moved to L.A.,

but I had no idea that they took their ball field with them," remarked the confused former pitching ace. "Then again," he added, "we don't get the New York papers back home in Arkansas."

Police say Roe was more shaken up than hurt by the incident which occurred in broad daylight with several witnesses standing by unwilling to help the aging ballplayer.

Roe declined



The 83-year old former Brooklyn Dodger hurler describing his attackers to the police.



CLASSY FREDDIE BLASSIE RING RETURN A BUST

**80-Year-Old Wrestling Great Fails
in Bid to Relive Past Glory**

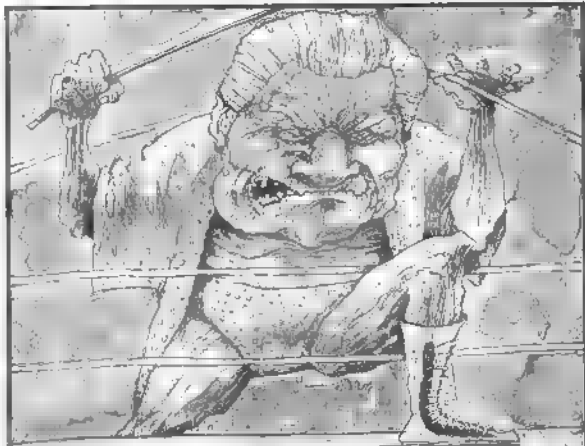
STAMFORD, CONN., Apr. 11 — Former wrestling headliner Freddie Blassie's triumphant return to the squared circle didn't go quite as planned last night.

An irate Blassie, who prides himself on his physical conditioning, stormed out of the ring before the bell sounded and vowed never to return to the mat.

Blassie claims that World Wrestling Federation promoter Vince McMahon had promised him that he would be wrestling one of the current WWF superstars. Much to Blassie's sur-

prise, when he entered the ring, he found out his opponent was none other than Chainsaw Charlie, aka Terry Funk.

"Some nostalgia trip," Blassie said sarcastically. "That pencil neck geek is as old as I am!" The angry veteran added, "McMahon didn't want me to beat up one of his younger guys, so he matched me up with this old sack of guts. If



Former World Wrestling Federation superstar "Classy" Freddie Blassie arriving in the ring in the same sequined tights and robe he last wore in 1979, when he fought Bruno Sammartino.

I didn't know better, I would say that this whole wrestling racket is fixed!"

When asked if he was aware of the accusations,

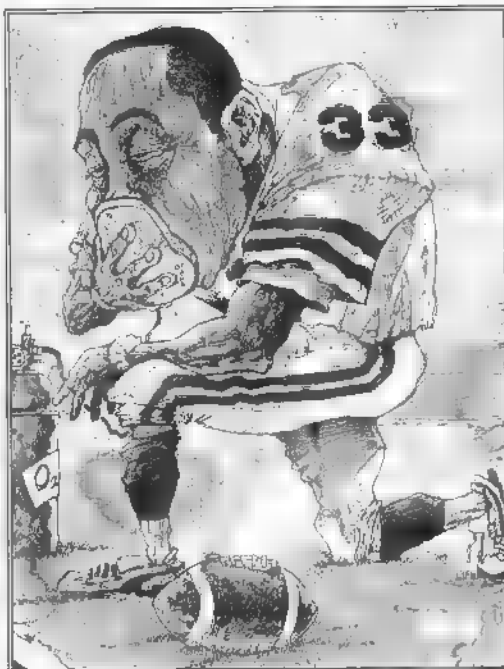
EX-DALLAS COWBOY TONY DORSETT FAILS TO RECREATE "GREATEST DAY"

DALLAS, TEXAS, Aug. 15 — Tony Dorsett, one of the greatest Dallas Cowboys' running backs, was frustrated yesterday in his effort to recreate his greatest day — the day he ran for a record 99 yards from scrimmage for a touchdown.

What seemed like a perfect nostalgic exhibition quickly turned into a logistical nightmare for Dorsett. "I tried to get as many Cowboys as I could to replay the famous down," he said, "but either their parole officers wouldn't let them travel during the off season or they were busy doing community service or working on their plea bargains.

"I even tried to get Texas Governor, George W. Bush, to help cut through the red tape and allow some of the players to come," continued the peeved Dorsett, "but you know Bush. He said he didn't want to appear soft on crime so he wouldn't lift a finger to help any of the players. The bastard!"

In an attempt to please the crowd, the 44-year-old Dorsett ran a fantasy play from the one yard line and made it up to mid-field before almost collapsing and requiring several hits of oxygen.



Tony came to play, but no one else could make it.

ARTIST: KEITH SEIDEL
WRITER: STAN HART





In MAD #359 we
ran an article called
"Day in the Life
of a Single Career Girl
in the Big City." It
wasn't a very pretty
picture! Well, guess
what? Things just get
worse — our heroine,
thanks to — old
corporate shove —
the pinkslip! Here's...

JOB HUNTING WITH THE SINGLE CAREER GIRL IN THE BIG CITY

ARTIST: SHARY FLENNIKEN

WRITER: PEGGY DOODY



Return to work from vacation to find a new employee in your seat.

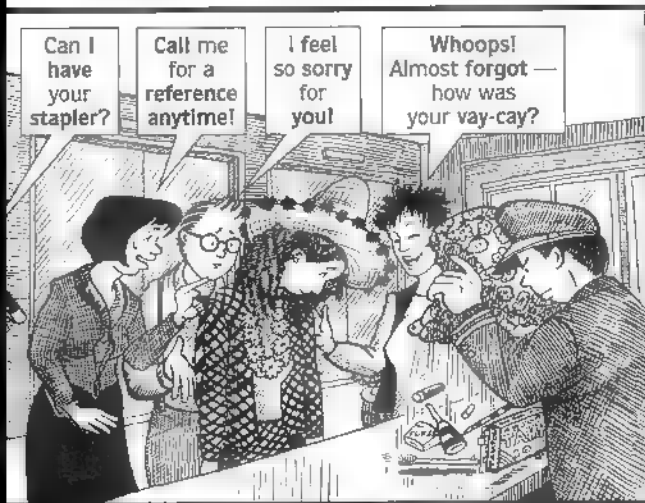
9:30 A.M.



As you begin to snap out of your stupor, the first thing you do is sign up for unemployment.



Once you DO get through, you're confident that the résumé you worked so laboriously over is really going to make an impression.



Can I have your stapler?

Call me for a reference anytime!

I feel so sorry for you!

Whoops! Almost forgot — how was your vay-cay?

You get 20 minutes to clean out your desk and Security checks your bags before you leave.



Beep! This is your mother! I'll give you three seconds to pick up the phone!

...and then we add a little mayonnaise and — BAM! — you got Emeril's Lonely Man Sandwich for one!

In a state of shock, you hole up in your apartment for days, with the curtains drawn and no human contact.



DAY 17

It's the fifth time she's called for you today!

Gosh, what a pariah! Don't let her "loserness" rub off on you!

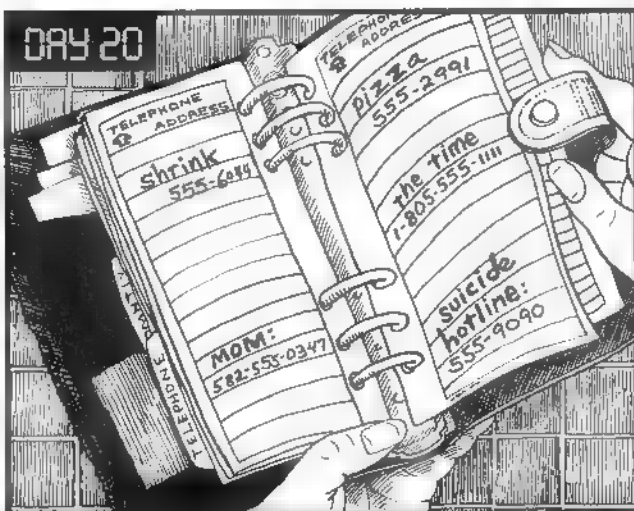
Shhh! I'm not here!

Attempt to get in touch with former workmates for contacts and all of them are mysteriously "unavailable."



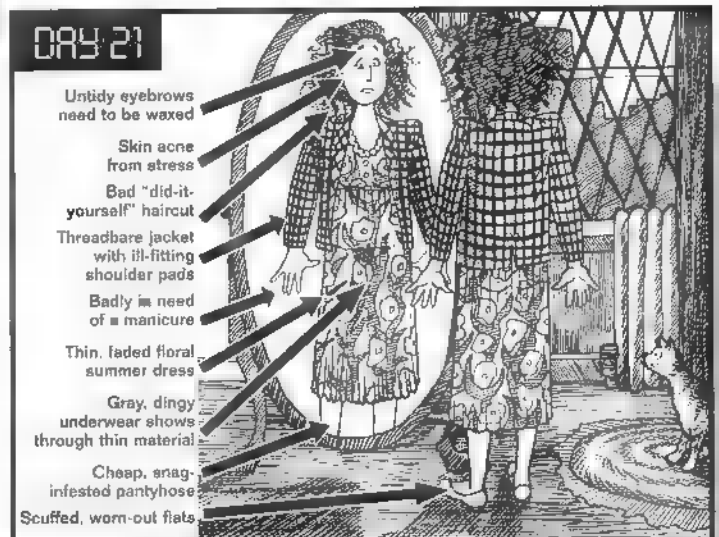
DAY 18

Try to fax your résumé ■ response to ads in the paper without realizing that the rest of the city's unemployed are attempting the same thing at that very moment.



DAY 20

Perusing your filofax, you realize that if the job hunting game is all about who you know, then you're in BIG trouble!



Untidy eyebrows need to be waxed

Skin acne from stress

Bad "did-it-yourself" haircut

Threadbare jacket with ill-fitting shoulder pads

Badly in need of ■ manicure

Thin, faded floral summer dress

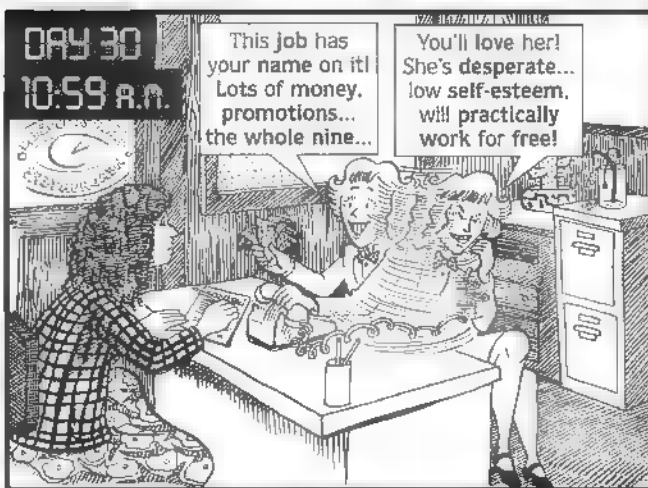
Gray, dingy underwear shows through thin material

Cheap, snag-infested pantyhose

Scuffed, worn-out flats

Take a good look in the mirror. Need a make-over and a new wardrobe but you can't afford it.

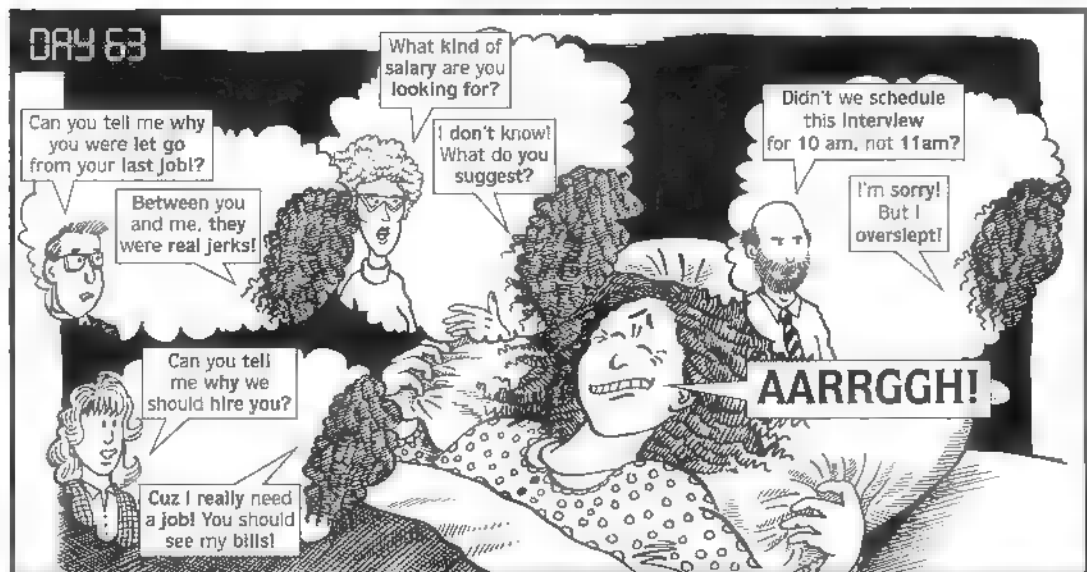




Against your better judgment, you sign on with a headhunter... you're so desperate that you almost believe their ridiculous promises.



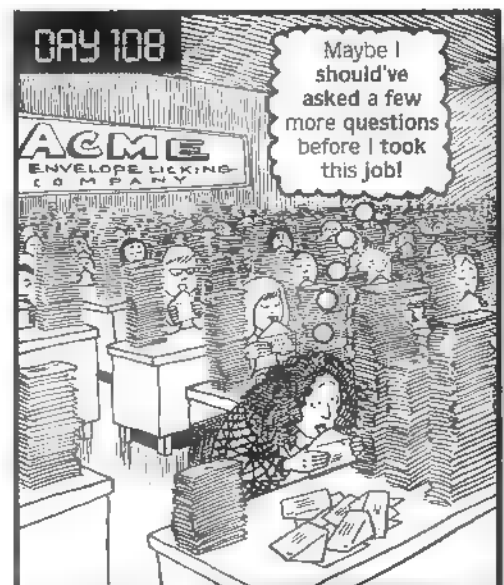
And they usually end up wasting your precious time by sending you on nowhere interviews in lousy neighborhoods.



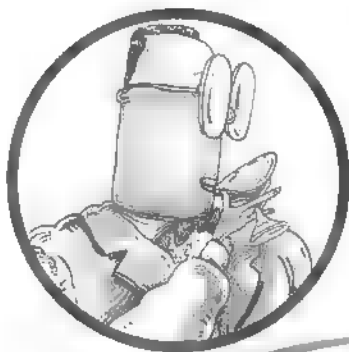
Even nighttime brings no relief as you lay awake, rehashing all the things you should or shouldn't have said on the day's job interviews.



Finally, you get a job. But first you have to negotiate the salary.

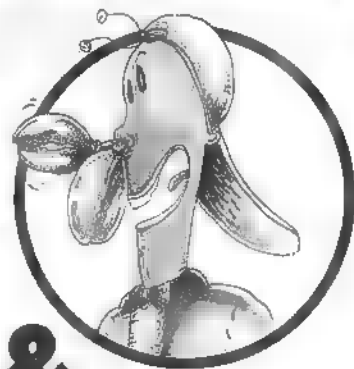


First day at work you realize it's not exactly the job you thought you were taking.



THE SCHMUCKS STOP HERE DEPT.

When people eat at expensive restaurants they want the most for their money. Delicious food, superb wine, fabulous service and a soothing ambiance are the expected norm. But when you find these two yahoos sitting on either side of your table you can definitely kiss all that away (especially the ambiance!) Here's ...



Melvin & Jenkins'

GUIDE TO FINE DINING

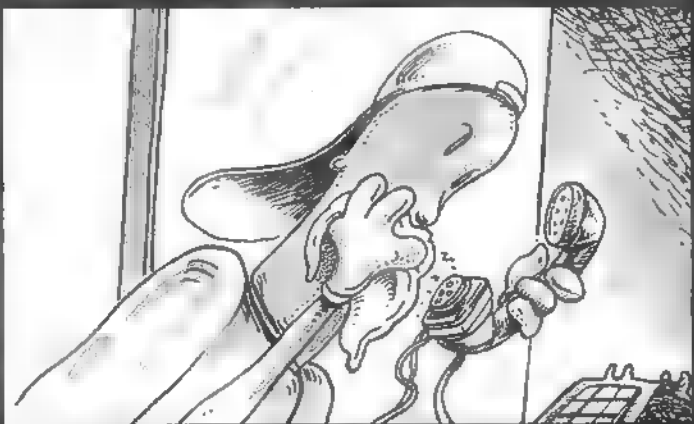
Jenkins

Jenkins calls several weeks ahead to make sure he can get a reservation on that special day.



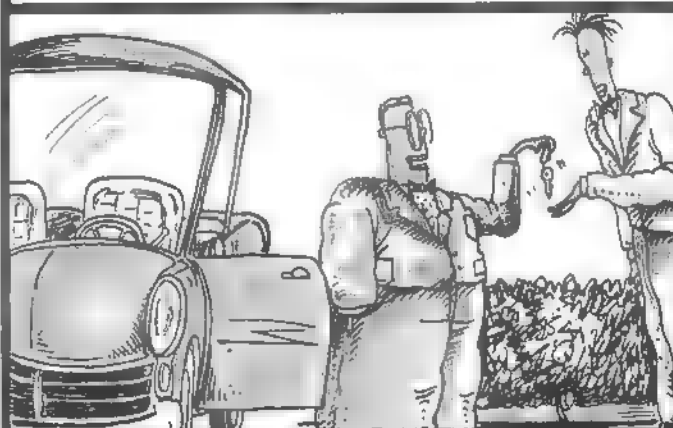
Melvin

Melvin knows that a vocal harmonizer and a muffled bomb threat opens up lots of tables just 15 minutes before you need one.



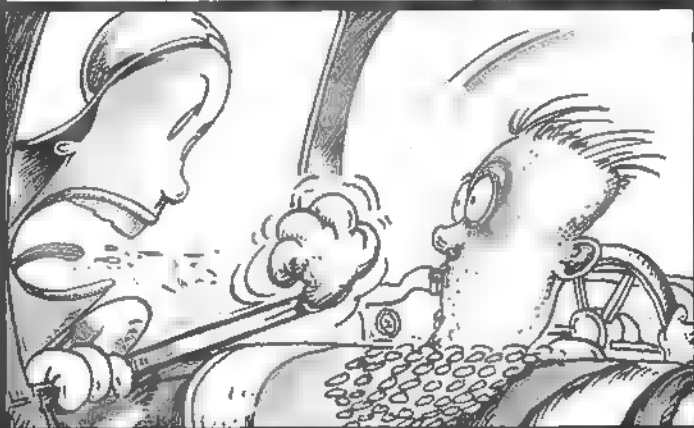
Jenkins

Jenkins hands his keys to the valet and says, "Take good care of her."



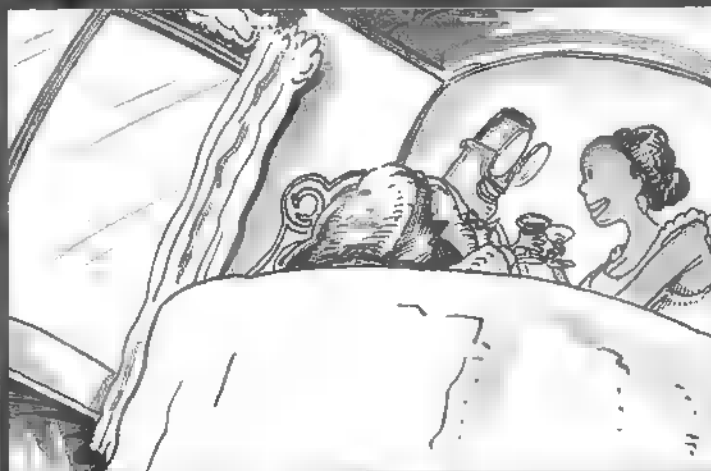
Melvin

Melvin warns, "Touch the Yodels in the glove compartment and you are so dead!"



Jenkins

Jenkins appreciates the intimate
ambiance that only a candlelit
rendezvous can create.



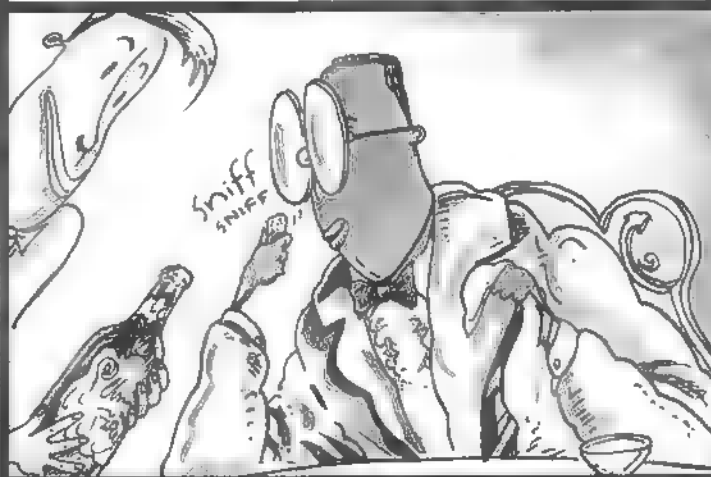
Melvin

Melvin finds the hot, dripping wax
to be the perfect grooming solution
for removing that irritating clump of
hair on his back.



Jenkins

A student of the grape, Jenkins takes
full advantage of the wine steward's
offer to "sniff the cork."



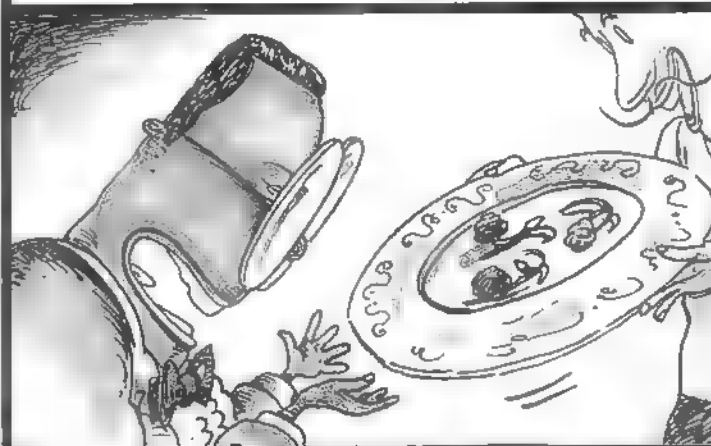
Melvin

A cry of "Screw you, pervert!" and a
sharp punch to the jaw indicates that
Melvin has totally misunderstood the
steward's invitation.



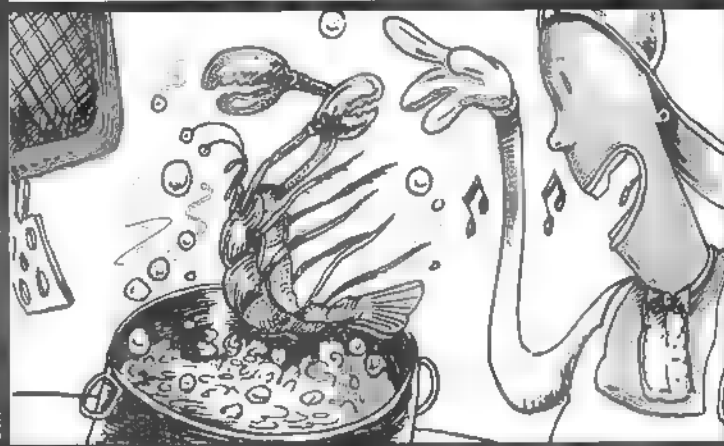
Jenkins

Jenkins frequently orders a vegetarian
dish out of his concern for animal rights.



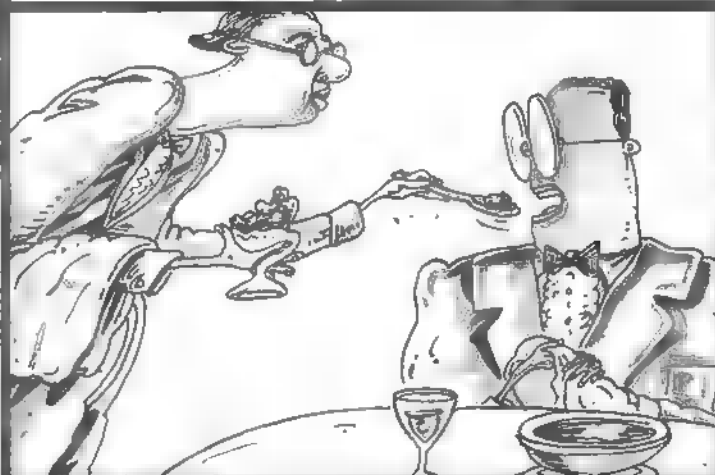
Melvin

Melvin insists that he be allowed into
the restaurant's kitchen so he can
sing a twisted version of "Candle in
The Wind" as the lobster is being
thrown in the boiling water.



Jenkins

Jenkins accepts the waiter's offer for a spoonful of sherbet between courses, to cleanse the palate.



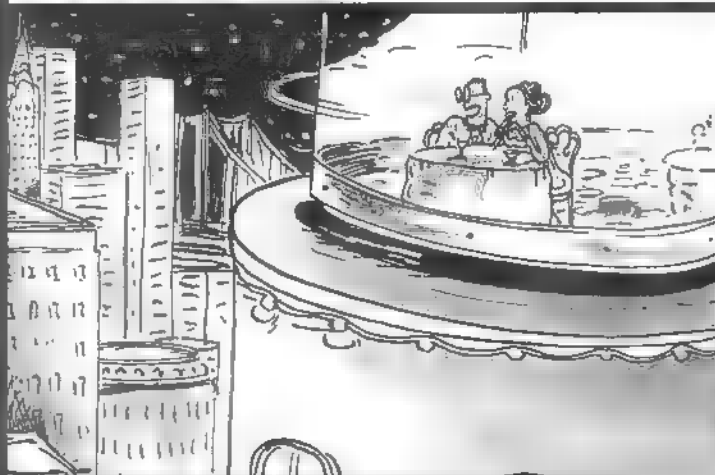
Melvin

Melvin tells the waiter to get lost, saying that "Fraagen-Daas" stuff'll never replace the good old-fashioned loogie.



Jenkins

The revolving floor of the restaurant gives Jenkins and his date a lush view of the entire cityscape.



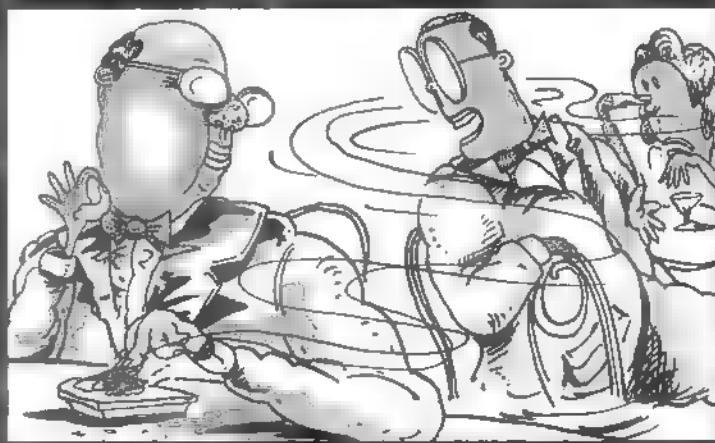
Melvin

Melvin gives his date the same feeling at 5% of the price, by spinning her stool as hard as he can.



Jenkins

Jenkins politely asks the gentleman at the other table to extinguish his cigar. After all, it is the law.



Melvin

They may have taken the fun out of cigars, but no do-gooder lawmaker or politically correct dillhole can ever stop Melvin from topping off a fine meal by cutting a nice long one.





Editor's Note: Recently, several prominent religious leaders have criticized MAD for being insensitive to their respective faiths. In a sincere attempt to prove once and for all that we are not the unholy blasphemers they unfairly accuse us of being, we have unselfishly donated these pages to one of our nation's finest spiritual organizations, the Inspirational Divine Institute Of Total Salvation. They are solely responsible for the contents of the pamphlet reprinted here.

A TYPICAL RELIGIOUS FANATIC TRACT

I D I O T S nspirational Divine Institute of Total Salvation

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

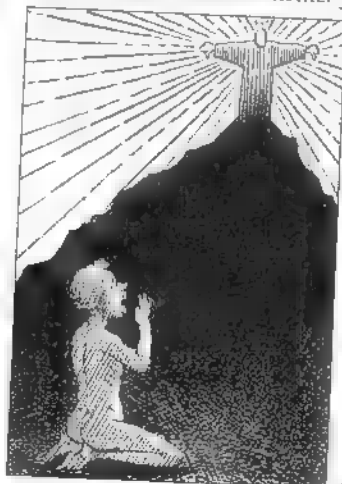
WRITER: ERIC PERLIN



PERHAPS YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE

who think that you can get into Heaven simply by living a good life and paying your bills on time. If that's what you believe, boy, are you doomed. Please continue reading. Your very salvation depends on believing everything we say and doing everything we tell you to do.

No matter how good a person you may be, you could never be as good as He was. You could never live up to His lofty standards. It doesn't matter whether you dress well or bathe often.



It doesn't matter whether you are a refined, educated person, or even if you have won five Nobel Peace Prizes. The Almighty One considers you an unworthy and vile sinner:

"None of the miserable creatures I've created is even worthy of shining My shoes. No, not one."
(Beratements 3:10)

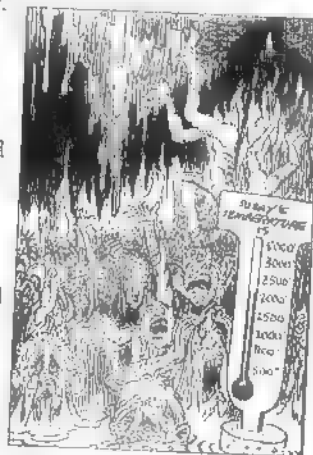
"All of your righteousnesses are like filthy gas station restrooms."
(Condemnations 64:6)

"Judge not; that's My job."
(Hypocrisies 00:4)

In the eyes of The Almighty One, you fully deserve to suffer the horrors of Badplace for eternity. And deep down, you know He is right.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT BADPLACE IS LIKE?

Try as you might, you could never imagine a place as bad as Badplace. Compared to Badplace, the foulest landfill in New Jersey seems like Disneyland. Badplace is filled with hot flames and pestilence and raw sewage and manure and smog and shards of broken glass and extremely high humidity, even during the normally cool winter months. Even more horribly terrible, once you go to Badplace you are stuck there forever and ever and ever. No amount of prayer, repentance, or even a Hagstrom road map can get you out. *"Once you get on My bad side, I can be a real bastard."* (Punishments 66:7)



THIS MAY NOT SOUND VERY
UPLIFTING SO FAR BUT READ ON.

THE NEWS GETS BETTER.

3 IS THERE A WAY TO ESCAPE THE ENDLESSLY LOUSY WEATHER OF BADPLACE?

"The ONE AND ONLY way to avoid being trapped for eternity in Badplace is to surrender to Him." (Lobotomies 14:92)



No matter how wretched and disgusting and loathsome a person you are, The Almighty One will refrain from smiting you if you surrender your heart, soul and Walkman to Him. If you don't, no matter how valid your reason, you might just as well start gathering coal right now.

It is He (Him) who said, *"I am the way, the truth and the doorman. Nobody cometh to The Overbearing Being except through me."* (Pomposity 14:6) The Condescending Entity so loved the world that He sent Him to endure a custard pie in the face for you. *"Whoever believeth in Him shall know never-ending life and shall not be rotisseried."* (Hibachi 3:15)

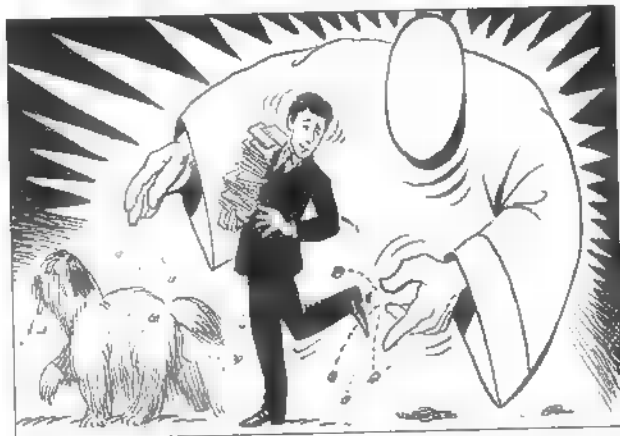


For it is He (Him) who made the greatest sacrifice imaginable for you, and all He (Him) asks in return is that you believe. And if you can't do that after all He (Him) has done for you, well, what more can we say? *"He sent Him and only Him, not Her, or They, or You, but Him, and you may get a meeting with He only through Him, and not without Him for He (Him) is His only begotten front man."* (Pronouns 4:26)

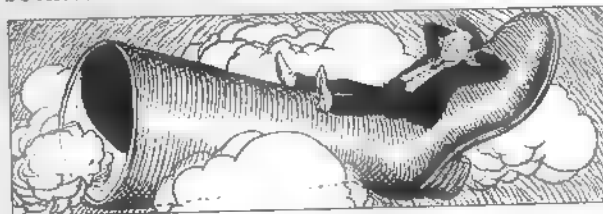
Once you have accepted Him as your Lord and personnel director, The Omnipotent Chairman will benevolently overlook all of your vile and immoral behavior. You will miraculously be transformed from the no-good piece of vermin that you are into a pure and self-righteous piece of vermin who interjects religion into every conversation and spends every spare moment distributing leaflets like this one. *"Although thoust art besmirched with the filth and grime and muck of a thousand outhouses, thy filth shalt be purged and thy grime polished and thy muck hocked forth with a heavenly beave."* (Regurgitations 6:24)

5
Only He (Him), the only non-filthy being in the history of the universe, can cleanse you of your filthiness, even though you are definitely not worthy of it. After you have selflessly surrendered yourself to Him, the All-Power-Filled-One will be with you everywhere you go: in your car, ■ your office, ■ your bed, ■ your shower, in your hat, even in your refrigerator to remove those lingering food odors when you run out of baking soda.

■ e assured that this leaflet which you now hold is the Infalible Word of the Almighty One. We know this to be true, because He explicitly said, *"This leaflet which thoust now holdeth is Mine Infalible Word."* (This Leaflet 10:0)



6
So, if you know what's really good for you, you'll drop whatever you're doing and accept Him now! **NO QUESTIONS ASKED!! NO MONEY DOWN!!! THIS IS IT!!!! EVERYONE MUST GO!!!** Don't wait until *McIrase Place* is over! By then you could be roasting on a spir in Badplace! Just get out the white flag, put both hands behind your head, and **SURRENDER COMPLETELY TO HIM!!!**

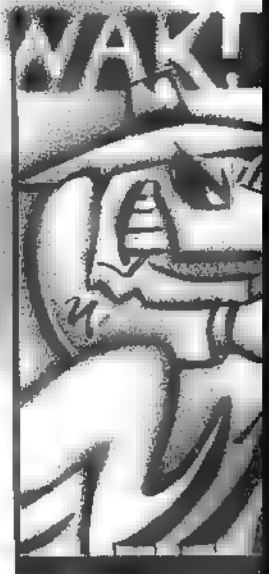
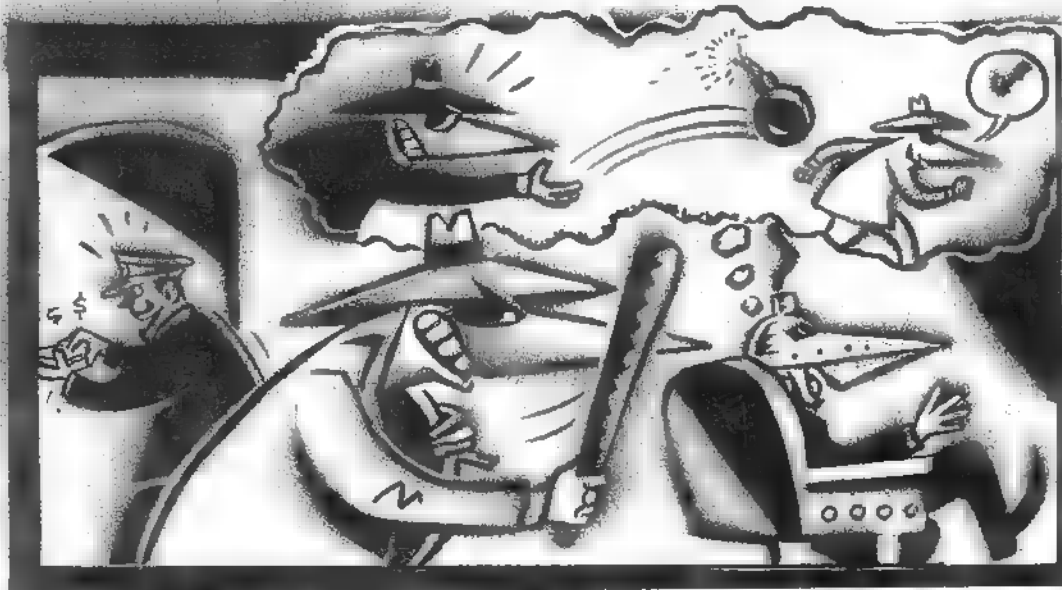
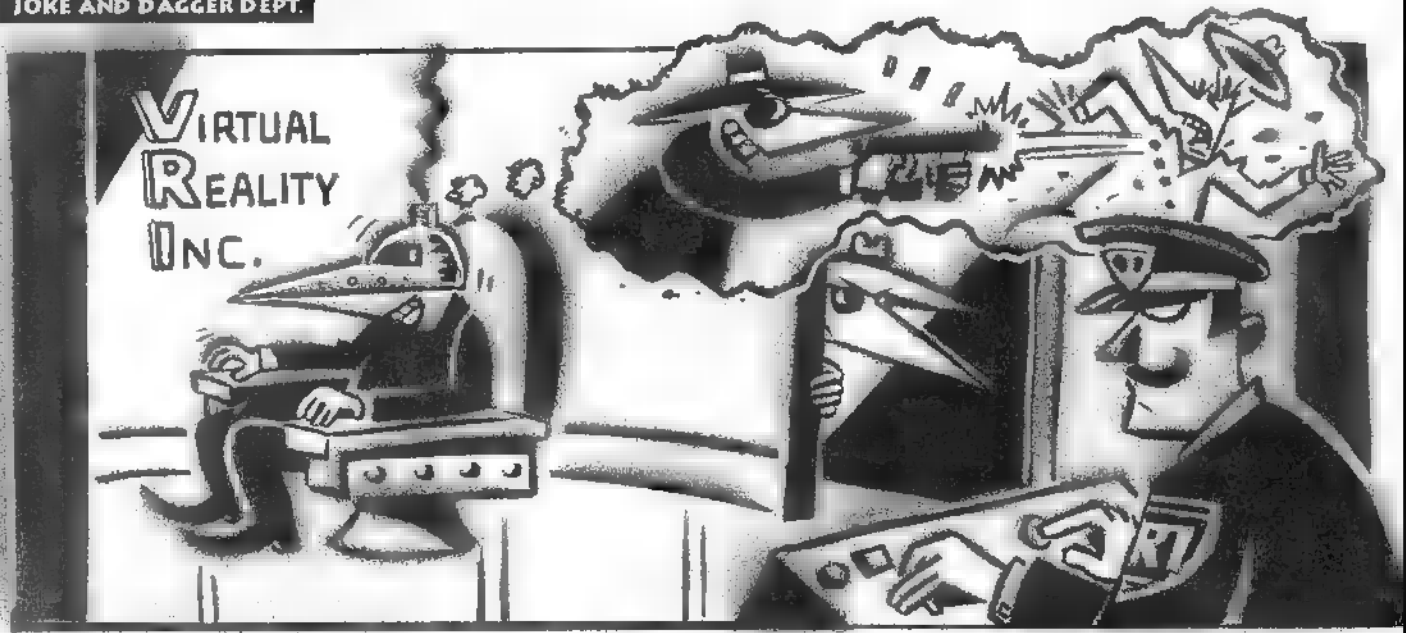


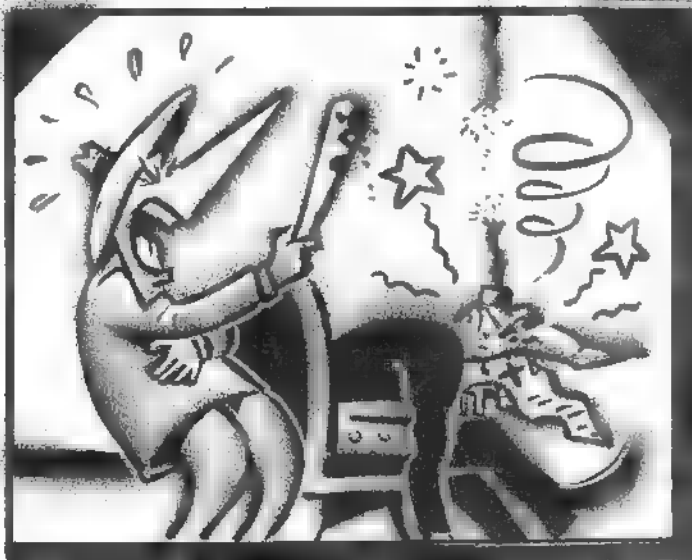
REMEMBER:

AS YOU WALK THROUGH THE WETNESS AND MUCK OF THE EARTH, IT IS WISE TO WEAR GOOD BOOTS - AND HE IS THE SHOEHORN INTO THE BOOTS; HE IS THE CUSHIONED INSOLE WHICH GIVETH THE BOOTS THAT NICE SNUG FIT YOU LIKE SO MUCH; AND VERILY, HE IS THE BOOTS. HE, AND ONLY HE (AND OCCASIONALLY HIM) CAN SAVE THINE SOLE." (Podiatry 9-13, AA-EEE)

This Tract Published By:

**Inspirational Divine Institute
Of Total Salvation
(IDIOTS)**





VS
SRY



You think Whitewater is all you have to know about to be up-to-date on possible Presidential misdeeds? Hoo-boy, are you watching the wrong all-news network! Want to check out what you've been missing? Just start at the top of the accompanying chart and pull one

MAD'S DO-IT COMPLETE CLINTO

Bill Cl

the best President
since George Bush,

Secret Service
code name: Bubba,

unknownst to
Janet Reno,

America's
Fondler-In-Chief,

the Lincoln Bedroom
reservations manager,

misled special
prosecutors

held secret Oval
Office "meetings"

removed files from
Vince Foster's office

had some
"saxophone practice"

made a s
The Pres

with chubby White House
intern Monica Lewinsky

with a pre-makeover
Paula Jones

with the Stanford University
cheerleading squad

during a \$200 cut
and style by Cristophe

when Hillary went
to Belgrade.

after sending Al Gore to a
Buddhist temple fundraiser.

after denying ■ ever
knew Gennifer Flowers.

before clean
the Dog

Thinking Hillary was
on her way home,

During a subsequent Kenneth
Starr Grand Jury hearing,

Following Ron Brown's
mysterious plane crash,

he coined the phrase "vast
right-wing conspiracy"

he fired the entire
White House travel office

he shared
an Arkansa

at the "Hanky Panky" suite
in the Little Rock Hilton.

and bought kneepads
for everybody.

Although miffed he wasn't chosen
for the lead in *Primary Colors*,

Experiencing a
handcuffs pin

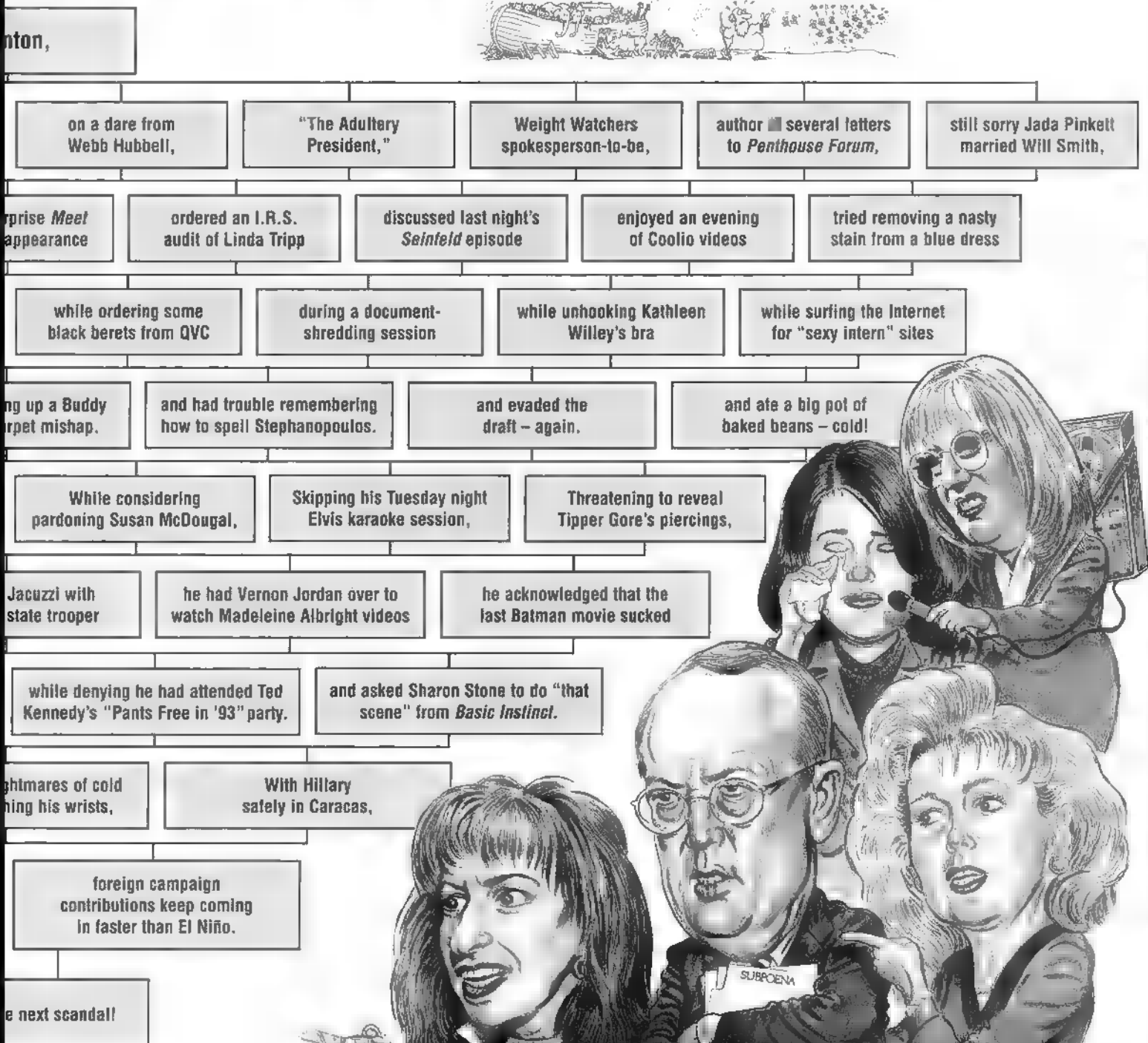
Bill Clinton's approval
ratings are now higher
than George Washington's.

That is, until

shocking, scandalous element from each row. By the time you reach the bottom, you'll have a hard-hitting story as full of unconfirmed rumors, speculation and innuendo as those recently reported in some of America's most respected newspapers and television programs!

T-YOURSELF IN SCANDAL GUIDE

nton,

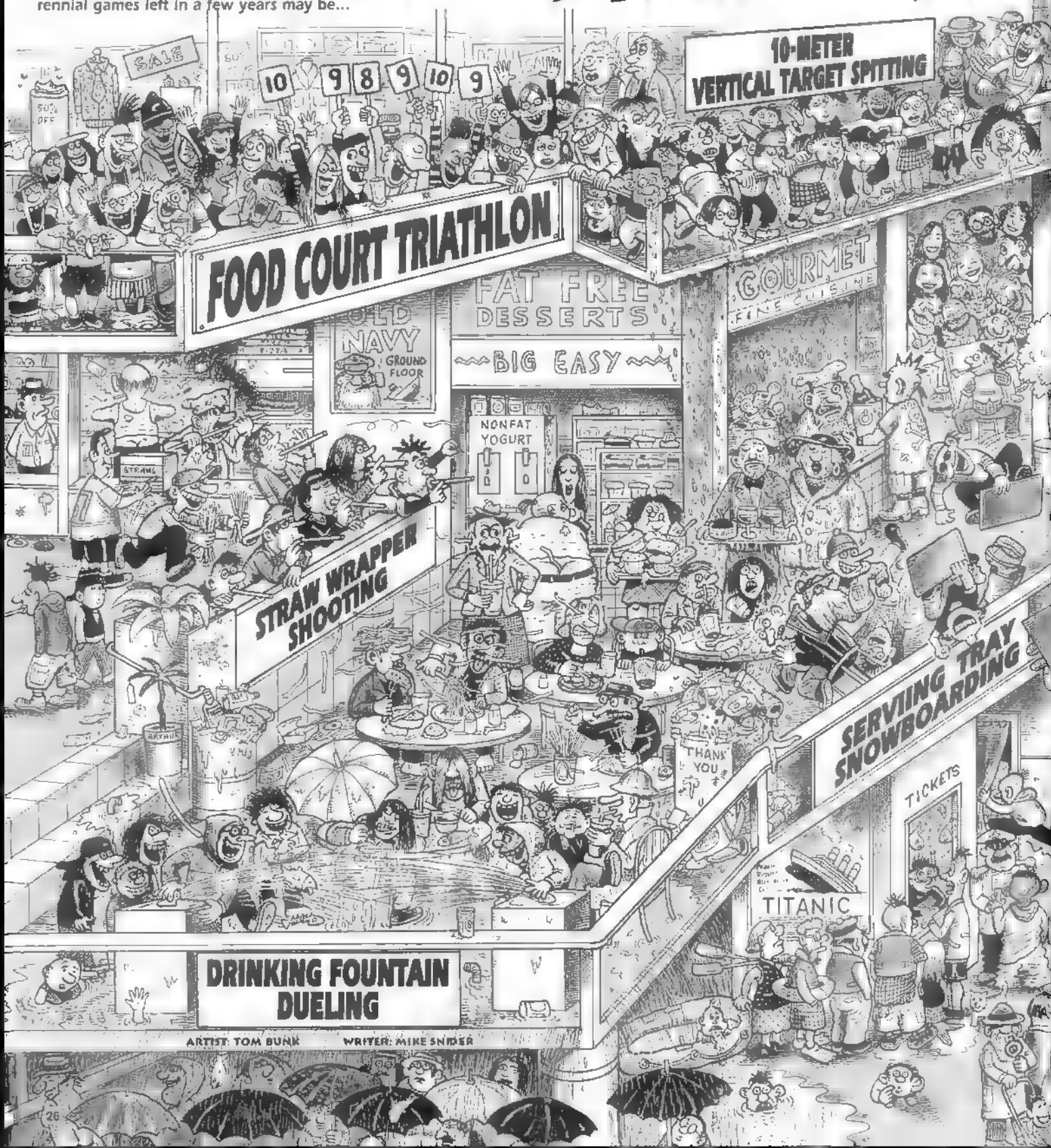




LET THE GAMES BE GRIM DEPT.

Since 1896 the best young athletes have gathered from around the world to compete in the Olympics! So, where are the youth of today, you ask? Busy with training, weightlifting and aerobic conditioning? Yeah, right! More likely, they're all wasting their lives away hanging out at the local mall! In fact, if we have to depend on them, the only quadrennial games left in a few years may be...

THE MALL-RAT OLYMPICS



ARTIST: TOM BUNK

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

macy's

SYNCHRONIZED SHOPLIFTING



DOWNHILL ESCALATOR SLALOM



4x100 GARMENT FITTING ROOM RELAY



PLEX CINEMA

THEATER 6

THEATER 7

THEATER 8 1/2

THEATER 9

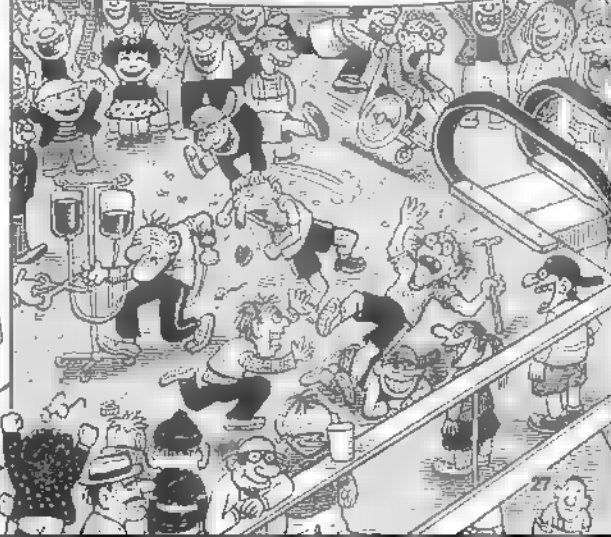
STILL PLAYING



MULTIPLEX THEATER JUMPING



FREESTYLE ELDERLY MALL-WALKER TAUNTING





MAD POP OFF VIDEO

This is arguably the single most dynamic stage performance by ■ music group since Disney World installed the animatronic Bear Jamboree.

BEN FOLDS FIVE "BRICK"

Hey, so you noticed there are only **THREE** guys in Ben Folds **FIVE**? Congratulations, eagle-eye! Be proud! All the greatest geniuses got their start by sitting around on ■ futon watching MTV.

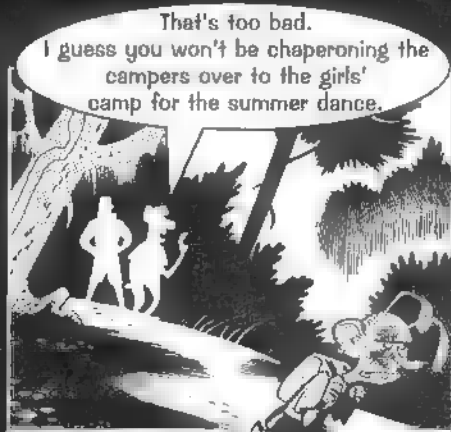
In this ballad about a failed relationship, the director ends the video with ■ metaphoric shot of ■ dead-end street.

Apparently he thought the image of ■ dead horse being whipped was "a bit too subtle" for the average brain-dead MTV viewer.

Between Ben's piano and Robert's cello, Ben Folds Five is officially the band most hated by hernia-fearing roadies.

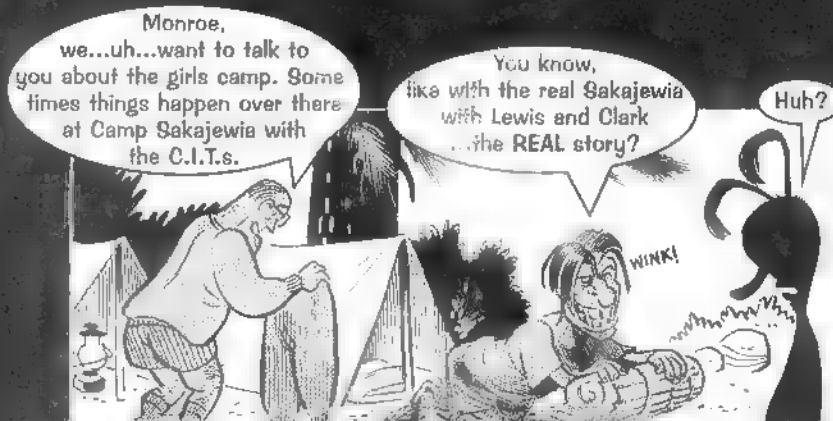
The first scene in video history to be filmed aboard the troubled Mir space station.

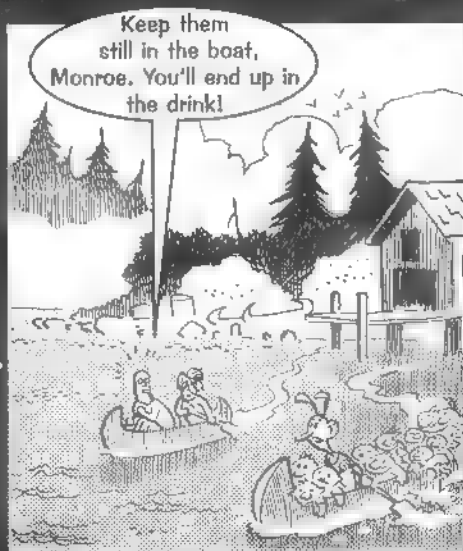
Previously on Monroe &...the Summer Camp Job



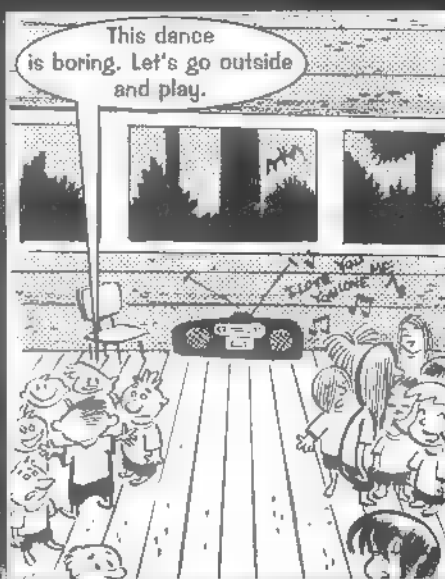
And now the dramatic conclusion

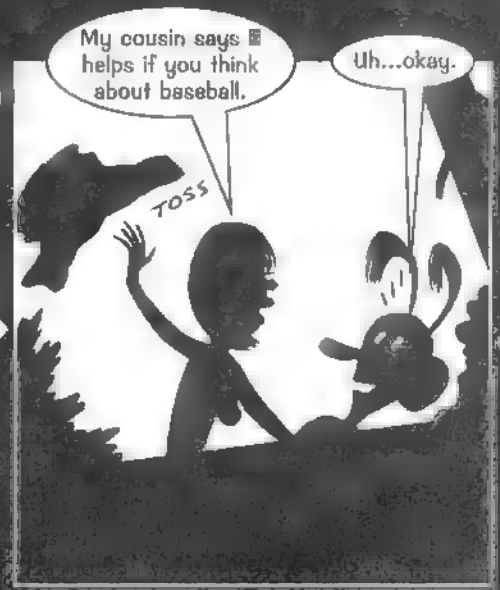
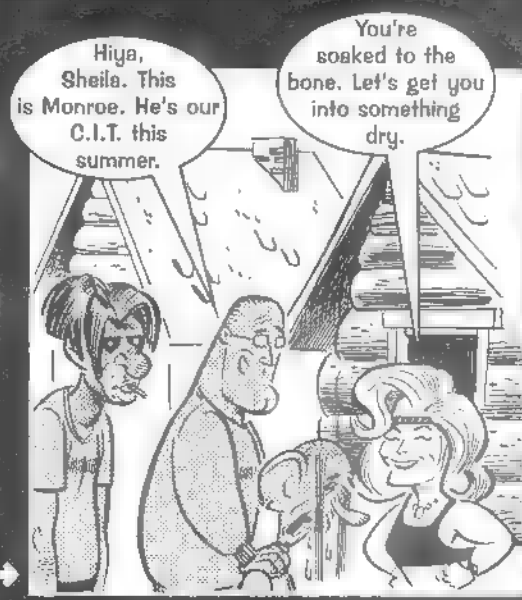
MONROE &... THE SUMMER CAMP JOB

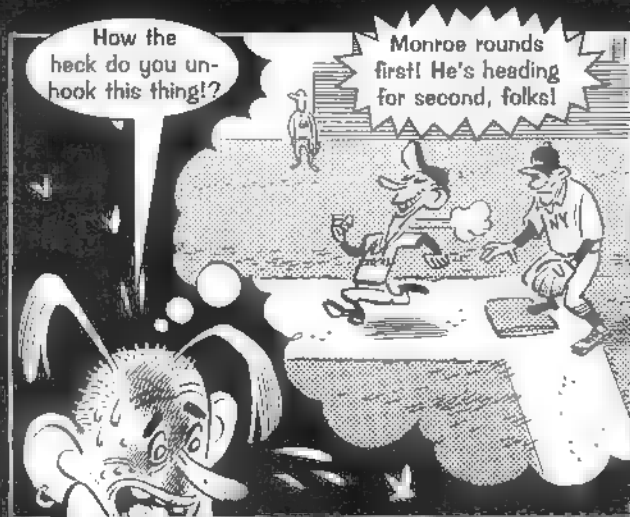




MEANWHILE







Bill Wray



Illicit affairs. Trailer park trash. A loveless marriage. Sounds like a typical episode of *The Jerry Springer Show*, doesn't it? Actually, these are just a few of the lurid details surrounding Bill Clinton's private life that have come out of Kenneth Starr's investigation. And it could get a lot nastier if Starr subpoenas the sunglassed security men who spend more time with the President than his faithful dog! (No, "faithful dog" here doesn't refer to Hillary, schmuck!) If the Special Prosecutor gets his way, listen up for these...

QUOTES WE'RE AFRAID WE'LL HEAR IF BILL CLINTON'S SECRET SERVICE AGENTS TESTIFY

All at once Mr. Clinton yelled, "BABA BOOEY!" slammed down the receiver and chuckled as Mr. King attempted to compose himself on the air.

Then he grabbed my service revolver, shouted "Kiss my ass, Robert Goulet!" and fired three rounds into the set.

...and, when he was certain Mr. Jordan was looking the other way, he casually flipped the ball onto the green.

So I put my body between him and the First Lady and swore it was I who put the copy of *Big Butt Biker Babes* under the mattress.

As Ms. Shalala sat across the table going over her notes, it did occur to me that the President was taking an unusually long time to retrieve the pencil he "accidentally" dropped.

We routinely smuggled the adult videos into the West Wing in a hollowed-out copy of *It Takes a Village*.

It wasn't until we'd passed your home for the third or fourth time, Mr. Starr, that I informed the President that, due to the limousine's tinted windows, it was unlikely that anyone could actually see his, as he referred to it, "pressed ham."

I'd characterize it as more of an egg smell.

While Mr. Chung sipped his coffee, Mr. Clinton stood up, pulled out his trouser pocket linings and inquired, "Did I ever show y'all my impression of the Republican mascot?"

...then the President handed me the binoculars and said, "Top floor, third window - she's doin' butt nekkid aerobics!"

While Mr. Clinton sat at the keyboard I distinctly heard the Vice President say, "Wait a minute, try TOMMYLEE.com!"

...and, as the President flipped through his Rolodex he said, "Don't panic, Chelsea honey, I'll give you the number of the guy who wrote my term papers."



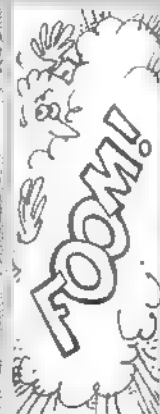
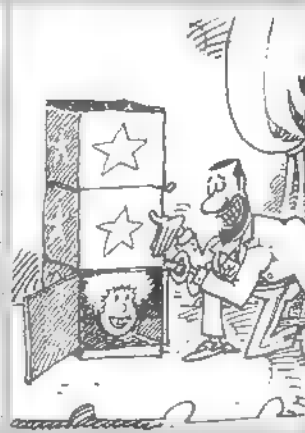
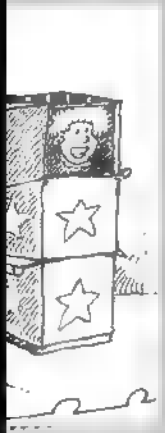


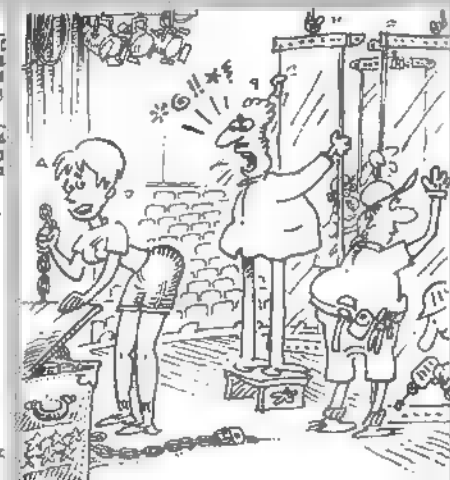
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

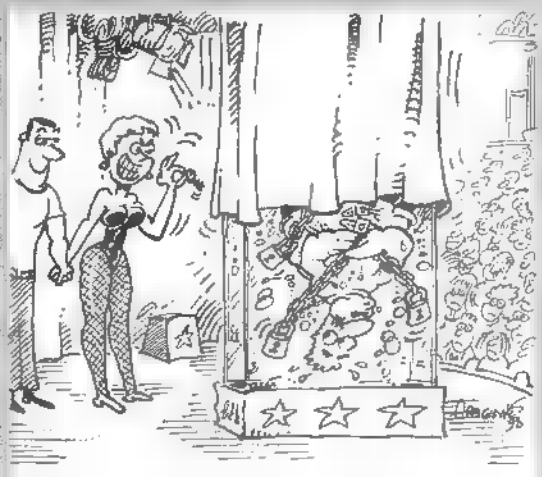
A MAD LOOK



AT MAGIC









FRANK ON A ROLL DEPT.

If you've ever read Edgar Allan Poe's "Annabel Lee," you know it's a very sad poem told by a man who has lost his one true love. Well, times have changed, but men still yearn for that one special woman they can't possess. So let us update Poe's epic poem as we present...

The Stalking Of

Pamela Lee

*It was many and many a year ago
That she first cast a spell over me;
She was languishing bare in ■ centerfold there,
With her bra size of 38D;
And the sight of her bust left me panting with lust
For the babe now called Pamela Lee.*

*Though her jugs knocked me dead in that magazine spread
'Twas their bounce I hungered to see;
Then to Baywatch she came, and they gained instant fame
When they jiggled on primetime TV;
Like a man who was crazed, both my eyes wound up glazed
As I eyeballed my Pamela Lee.*

*On the Net I went ape for her fabulous shape,
Which she flaunted, I'm sure, just for me;
All those nips and those tucks costing thousands of bucks
Made her twice as enticing to see;
And when implants she got, I burned hotter than hot
For the body of Pamela Lee.*

*How my aching heart bled when that drummer she wed,
For I knew that abused she would be;
But they split up for good like I prayed that they would,
And it proved a great blessing for me;
She was single once more — now for sure I would score
With the succulent Pamela Lee.*



*Many times did I gape at that pirated tape,
Getting off on her X-rated spree;
And I dreamed of the day she would roll in the hay
And the man she was under was me;
Like some madman obsessed, I would never find rest
Till I made it with Pamela Lee.*

*Ev'ry day without fail, I would sniff out her trail
Like a bloodhound in heat I would be;
And I tracked her for weeks in cafes and boutiques
While I let my libido run free;
And while I knew I'd succeed for the gods had decreed
That I'd hook up with Pamela Lee.*

*I shall never forget how we finally met,
And her cleavage close-up did I see;
All my love I poured out, and there seemed little doubt
That she felt the same way about me;
But the cops had me tailed and I found myself jailed
For the stalking of Pamela Lee.*

*I was tried for my crime; now I'm doing hard time
I'll be locked up till 2003;
But for Pam I still care, and I pray she'll be there
If I somehow survive and go free —
Which is doubtful as hell since I'm sharing a cell
With her psychotic ex, Tommy Lee!*



THE FALL OF THE ROMANO EMPIRE DEPT.

Both Jerry Seinfeld and Tim Allen took some of their stand-up routines and turned them into wildly successful sitcoms. Now, Ray Romano has taken some of his stand-up routines and woven them into...well, let's put it this way: Good things don't necessarily come in threes! It's no wonder that...

Everybody Loathes Raymud

I'm Raymud, your typical, everyday boring neighbor next door! Only difference is, I'm a boring neighbor who's got his own TV show and is pulling in a fortune saying the same dumb things your neighbor says for free! This is a pretty original opening, isn't it? Watching my whole family flying all around me! Well enjoy it, because it's the only original thing you're gonna see on this series! I work as a sportswriter, which is too bad, because what's REALLY needed around here is team of COMEDY writers!

I'm Deadbra, Raymud's wife. I try to run my own household, but it's difficult with Raymud's interfering parents living across the street. It'd be nice if they TRIED living across the street! Problem is, they mostly live here in our house! And they bicker a lot! I know, bickering parents can be fun to watch, but to me, it's not so funny when they're YOUR bickering parents!

I'm Rank, the obnoxious father who thinks he knows everything. Believe me, I'm the first one to admit it when I'm wrong, although that's never happened yet, and probably never will! There's a lovable side to me too, but thank God, I've never had to show it!

Life's a breeze for me. When you're six years old and terminally cute like I am, anything I say gets a big laugh. It's called "Full House Syndrome"! That's where lines like, "I'm hungry," and "Gee, mom, not sandwiches again! Yaggh!" get howls of laughter! To be honest, the "yaggh" wasn't my idea, exactly! I hear the people in the audience saying it all the time!

I'm Marinata, Ray's mother. It's wonderful having my son living so close. All I had to do was add a little bit of line to my apron strings to keep him attached to me! Of course, I'm not crazy about that bimbo he married. She snatched my little baby boy right out of the cradle! Although, I must admit that keeping a 23-year-old man in a cradle was getting difficult, but nothing's too difficult for an Italian mother when her son's well-being is at stake!

We're the twins. We're hardly ever in the show! But hey, you can never go wrong with twins as part of a sitcom family! We have a great excuse why we don't say any funny lines — we're too young! Unfortunately, the rest of the family doesn't have that excuse!

Even though we don't do funny lines, we can still crap in our pants from time to time! That's always good for a cheap laugh! They say "crap" on this show a lot! I guess it has something to do with that "truth in advertising" crap!

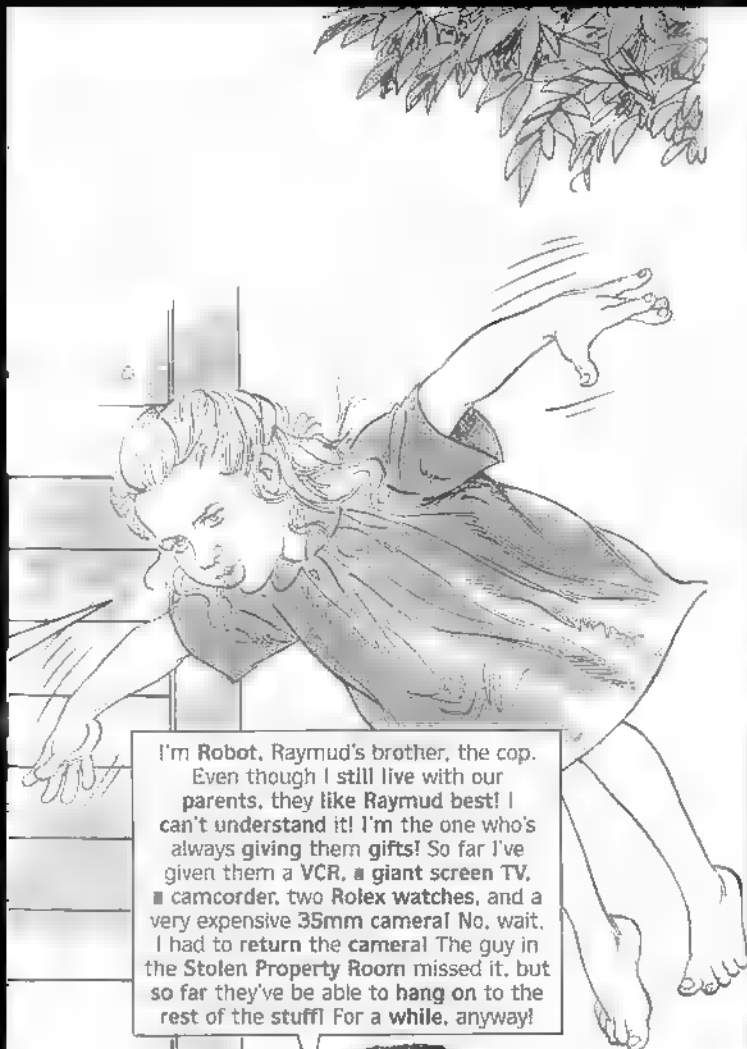
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

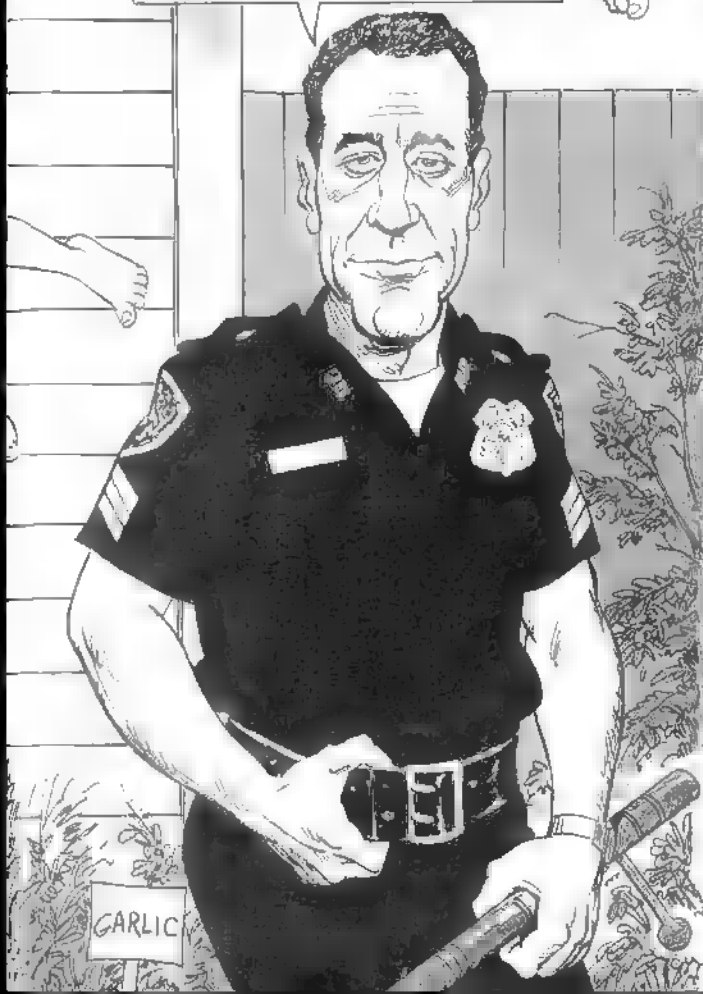
40
BROCCOLI
RABE

ARUGOLA

James



I'm Robot, Raymud's brother, the cop. Even though I still live with our parents, they like Raymud best! I can't understand it! I'm the one who's always giving them gifts! So far I've given them a VCR, a giant screen TV, a camcorder, two Rolex watches, and a very expensive 35mm camera! No, wait. I had to return the camera! The guy in the Stolen Property Room missed it, but so far they've been able to hang on to the rest of the stuff! For a while, anyway!



'Morning, Pooper Scooper!

Honey, I love all those cute little love names you call me, but every once in a while, could you just use my real first name?

I'd like to, Melon Pit, but it's been so long since I used your first name, well...could you remind me what it is again?

Remind you of my name?! Are you joking?!?

Unfortunately, I am, and that was my best joke this week!



I'm making you lunch, Raymud!

Thanks, but Mom already made me lunch!

How come no matter what I want to do for you, your mother either butts in or does it first! I mean, she was even there with us in our room on our wedding night!

C'mon, it wasn't ALL bad! At least you had someone to talk to when I fell asleep!

When I wanted to re-do your home office, your mom picked out the rugs, the furniture, and even the paint!

Yes, but as I recall YOU were the one who picked out the paper-clips and the staples!

So where are they? I didn't see them anywhere!

Er. Mom didn't like them so she exchanged them for prettier ones!



See, Rank. I told you we should come over! We got here just in time! They're fighting again!

I don't know where they got this bickering habit! And what do you mean, it was YOUR idea to come over? It was MY idea! All the good ideas are my idea!

Name one!

■ was my idea to make sure the laugh track's cranking away for these unfunny tirades of mine!

Okay! For once you had a good idea!



I feel heat coming up! The furnace must be working again! And you guys say I can't fix things!

Yeah. Dad, the heat's coming up like gang-busters!

Isn't it nice and warm? So why do I get flack about screwing up things when I fix 'em?

Because it's the middle of August and it's 30° hotter in here than it is outside! You started fixing the furnace in December! It took until the hottest day in August for you to get it to work!

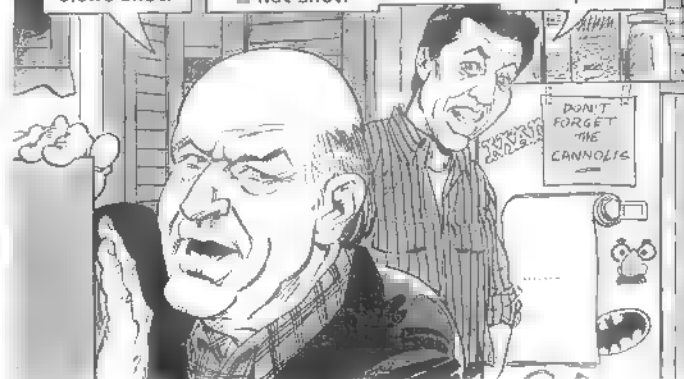


It'd be cooler in here if I could get this thing to work, but the compressor's shot!

The thing you're talking about is called a compressor, and the compressor ■ not shot!

Oh? How do you know, Mr. Wise Guy?

Because this thing in the window is a fan, not an air conditioner! It doesn't have a compressor!



Well if it had a compressor, it would be a much better fan!

No. Dad, then it wouldn't be a fan, it would be an air conditioner!

My point exactly! So once again, I'm right!

How long is this yelling gonna go on?

Just a bit longer! Our family has a ten-year episode minimum!



Hi, guys! I finished my shift and I'm starving! I don't like to eat in the station house cafeteria because we don't have one! And if we ever did, the food there would probably kill you!

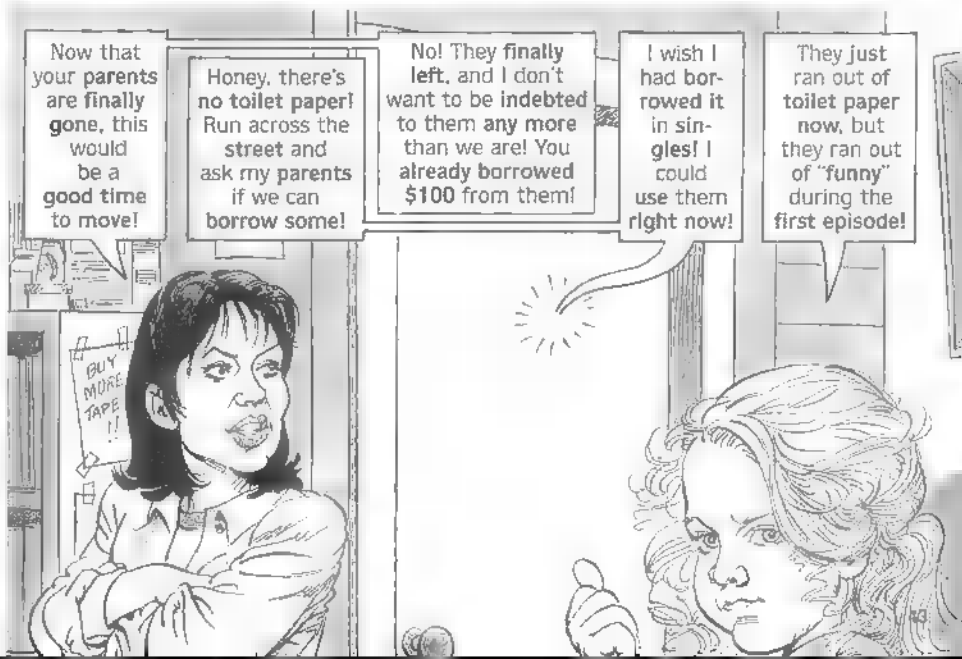
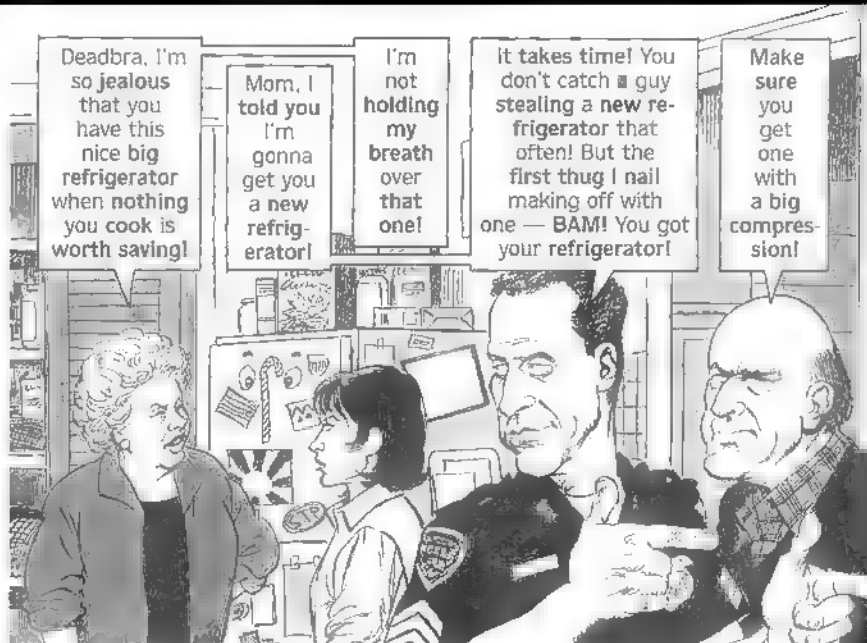
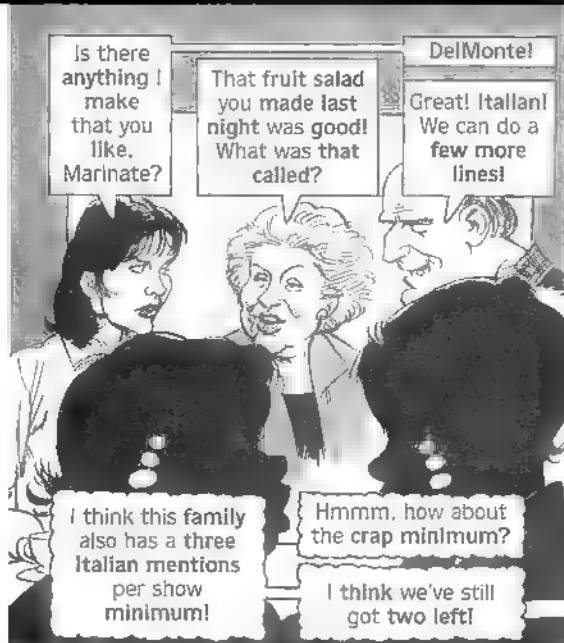
Sit down, Robot! I have plenty in the refrigerator!

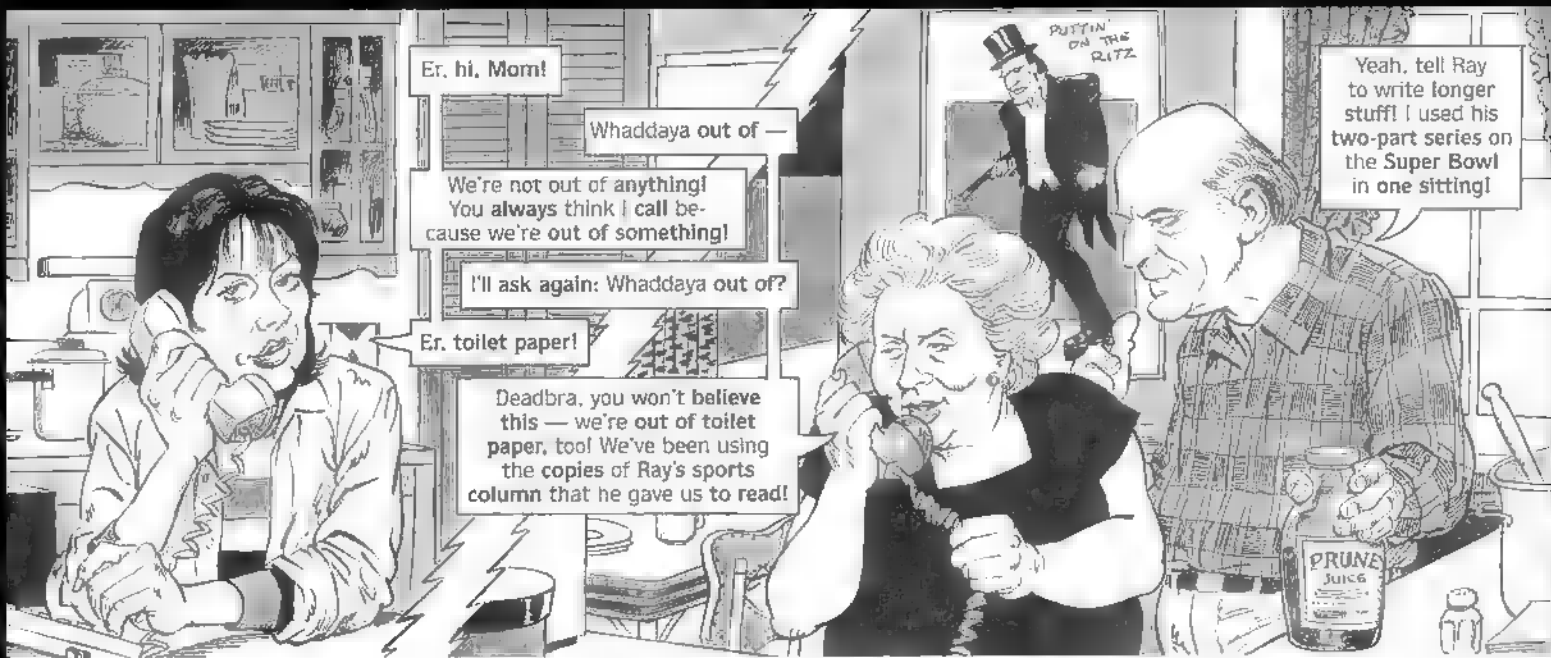
Oh, good, you can eat her food and die closer to home!

Marinate, why do you always make fun of my cooking?

Why not? My cooking is better! Besides, it's an easy laugh!







Er. hi, Mom!

Whaddaya out of —

We're not out of anything!
You always think I call be-
cause we're out of something!

I'll ask again: Whaddaya out of?

Er. toilet paper!

Deadbra, you won't believe
this — we're out of toilet
paper, too! We've been using
the copies of Ray's sports
column that he gave us to read!

Yeah, tell Ray
to write longer
stuff! I used his
two-part series on
the Super Bowl
in one sitting!



I just remembered
something! We don't
need toilet paper! I
have all those stupid
Italian recipes
Marinate left here!

Family insult humor!
It never fails!

Yeah,
it never
works!



Well, my
Little Spatula,
your prayers
have been
answered! My
family's mov-
ing! See the
moving men?

I see
the truck,
but I
don't
see the
moving
men!

They're sitting
on the curb
eating homemade
hero sandwiches!
There's Mom
with a tray of
Italian pastries!

She's pointing to
our house and put-
ting her fingers
down her throat! She's
telling total stran-
gers she can't stand
my cooking! Thank
God they're moving!



Our first
day without
your parents
living
across the
street! Life
couldn't be
more perfect!

Hi, we're the
Costanzas! We just
moved in across the
street! Your lovely
parents told me I
could come over any
time of day or night
■ I needed anything!



She's
lying!
Your
parents
told ME
that!

Don't
you dare
take
the
credit!

Don't
pay
any
attention
to her!

Will
you
let me
talk
for a
change!?

Oh God!
They're
worse
than
YOUR
parents!

Serenity
now!
Serenity
now!
Serenity
now!



WHEN THE SHIP HITS THE SCAM DEPT.

The blockbuster movie *Titanic* is now the highest grossing film in history! *Titanic* fever continues unabated with telegrams from the actual ship selling for more than \$100,000! People visit the *Titanic* wreck via submarine for \$33,000! And now, in the ultimate attempt to cash in on the most entertaining catastrophe of the 20th Century comes...

THE OFFICIAL TITANIC ORIENTED ARTIFACTS & STUFF CATALOG

OUR PLEDGE:
This catalog from
Charlatans Unlimited,
features the finest selection
of *Titanic*-oriented artifact-
type stuff, chosen and
sent in a high-minded,
dignified way without
lessening the tragedy
of those who
perished at sea.

PRICES THAT WON'T
SINK YOUR WALLET!

BARGAIN!
DEAD AHEAD!

"LIFESAVER" LAST
MINUTE GIFTS!

NEAT STUFF THAT
WILL POP YOUR RIVETS!!!

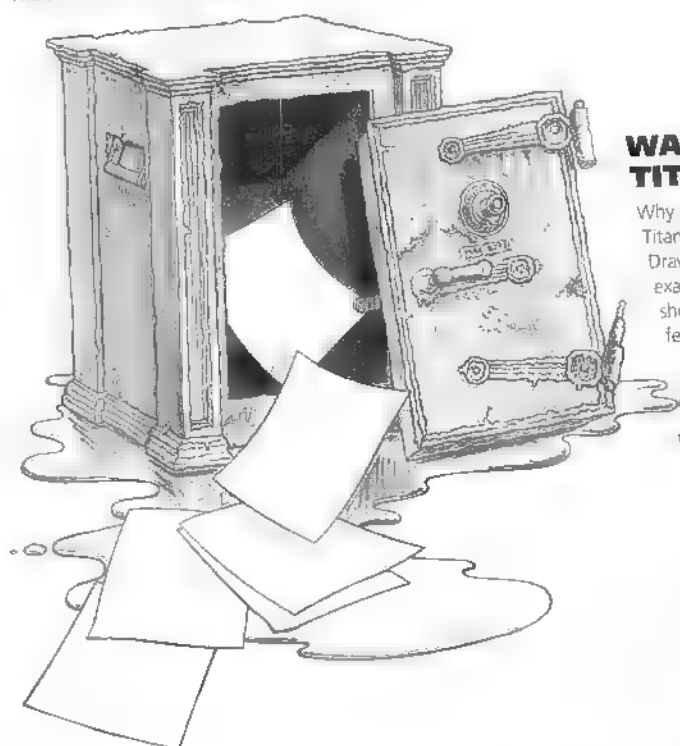
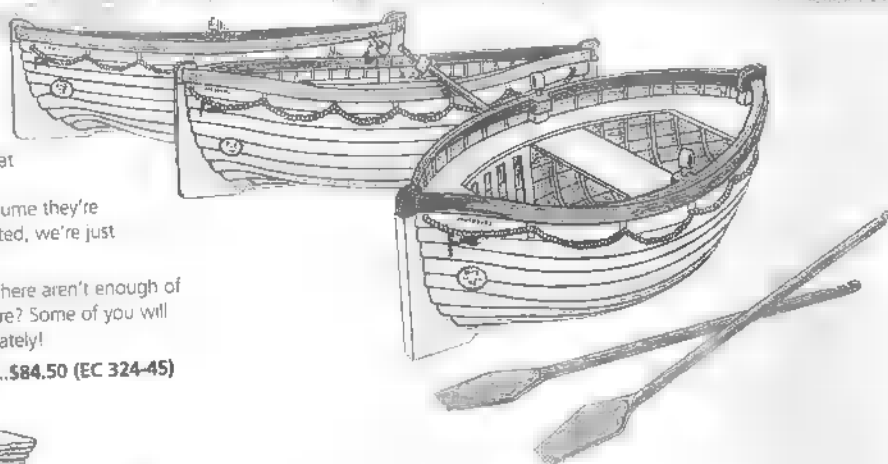


THIRD CLASS LIFEBOAT MODELS

These models are exact replicas of the lifeboats that should have been on the Titanic, but weren't! They're complete in every detail — at least we assume they're complete in every detail, but since they never existed, we're just guessing what they might have looked like!

A word of warning: Like the original lifeboats, there aren't enough of these models to meet the demand! Get the picture? Some of you will be left at sea, so to speak, unless you act immediately!

Third Class Lifeboat Model.....\$84.50 (EC 324-45)



WATERPROOF TITANIC DRAWING PAPER

Why was everything inside the safe recovered from the sunken hulk of the Titanic destroyed, except for that hand drawn sketch? Waterproof Titanic Drawing Paper, that's why! But don't take our word that it will work for you exactly as it did in the movie. Prove it to yourself! Just draw a sketch on a sheet of our waterproof Titanic Drawing Paper, put it in safe, drop it 4,300 feet to the ocean floor and leave it there for a minimum of 80 years. Then hire a team of deep sea excavators to dredge the safe back to surface to see if the paper is still intact! If it's not, we'll gladly replace it! Please note: Replacement offer expires 80 years from date of purchase

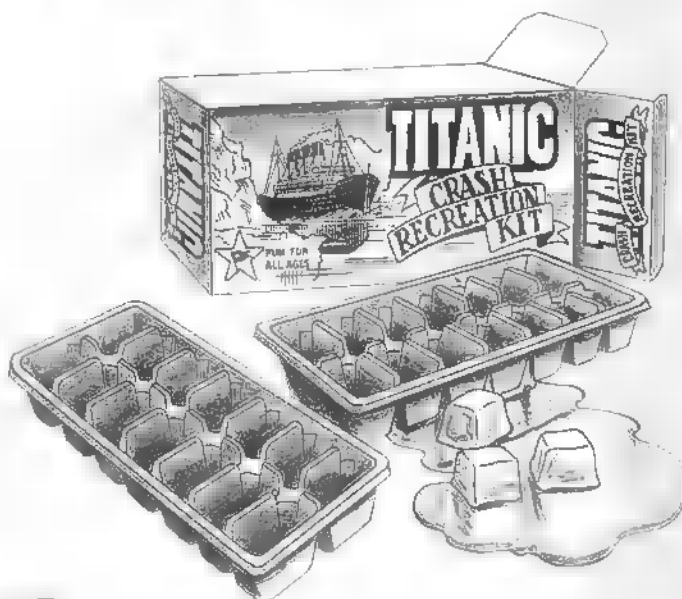
Waterproof Titanic Drawing Paper.....\$249 (EC 837-36)

TITANIC CRASH RECREATION KIT

Now you can actually recreate, right in your own home, the very same substance that brought the most luxurious ship in the world to its demise (and millions to the theater)! Our limited edition kit includes two ice trays.

All you do is add water and freeze! An amazing offer!

Titanic Crash Recreation Kit.....\$69.95 (EC 726-82)



ACTUAL WATER FROM THE SAME OCEAN THE TITANIC SANK IN!

Artifacts recovered from the Titanic are worth thousands, even hundreds of thousands of dollars! Miraculously, we were able to secure some of the actual water from the Atlantic Ocean, the very same ocean in which the Titanic sank! Each precious drop has been preserved in a sparkling clean Mason jar. Display it proudly on a mantel, desk or shelf. Order fast! Ocean water supplies are limited!

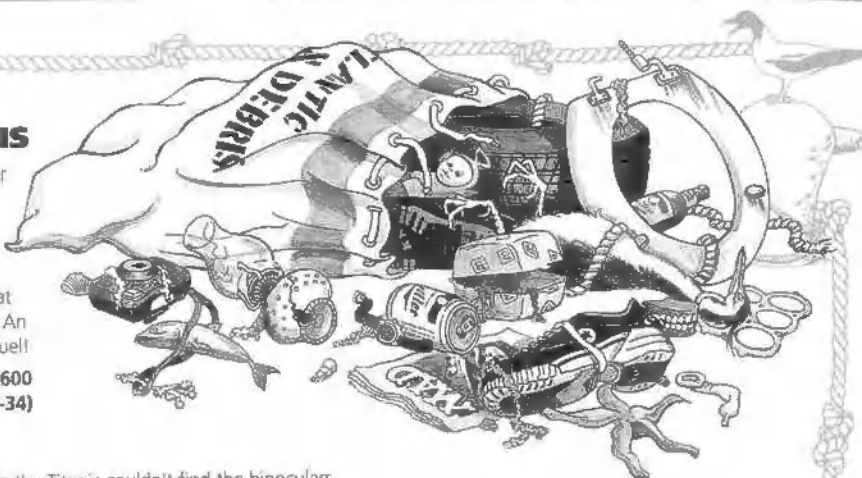
12 ounce jar.....\$12.00 (EC 324-12)
16 ounce jar.....\$17.00 (EC 324-16)
24 ounce jar.....\$25.00 (EC 324-24)

OCEAN DEBRIS

Incredibly, while we were securing some of the actual water from the Atlantic, yes, the very same ocean in which the Titanic sank, we were able to dredge up a limited amount of authentic ocean debris! Each 150 lb. hand-selected sack of debris includes distressed driftwood, one-of-a-kind unidentified metal scraps, old shoes and other artifacts that may be similar to items that may have been on the Titanic! An exciting conversation piece that also makes good fireplace fuel!

150 lb. sack of debris\$600

Please specify flotsam (EC 323-33) or jetsam (EC 323-34)



TITANIC BINOCULARS!

Tragically, the lookout on the Titanic couldn't find the binoculars he was supposed to use to search for icebergs. Where were they? No one knows! Where did the binoculars we're selling come from? No one knows! Is it merely a coincidence? Maybe not! You'll always be wondering: are THESE binoculars THOSE binoculars? All we can say is at the price we're charging you for them, they'd better be!

Titanic Binoculars.....\$2,049 (EC 987-20)



TITANIC CAPTAIN'S SHOES

What did it really feel like to be captain of the unsinkable Titanic just moments before it went under? Find out for yourself with our Titanic Captain's Shoes! This one-of-a-kind footwear is especially designed to give you the harrowing sensation of being on a sinking ship! Wearing them causes your body to list 47 degrees to the left! For a totally life-like recreation of the disaster, we suggest wearing them in the shower. Sorry, no wide widths available.

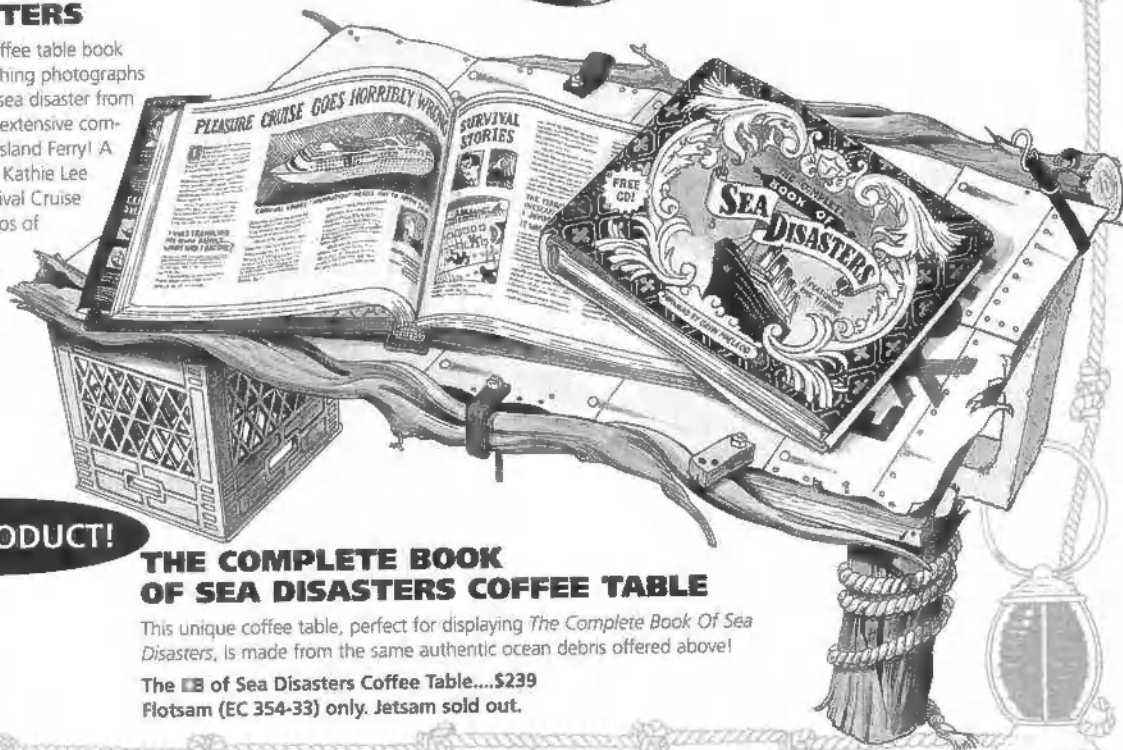
Titanic Captain's Shoes.....\$99.95 (EC 2141-34)



THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SEA DISASTERS

This handsome 300-page coffee table book features hundreds of astonishing photographs of every imaginable kind of sea disaster from the sinking of the Titanic to extensive commuter delays on the Staten Island Ferry! A special section is devoted to Kathie Lee Gifford singing aboard Carnival Cruise ships and includes rare photos of horrified men, women and children leaping into the icy depths of the ocean at the sound of her voice. Comes with bonus Kathie Lee CD!

The CB of Sea Disasters.....\$79.99 (EC 324-77)



NEW PRODUCT!

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SEA DISASTERS COFFEE TABLE

This unique coffee table, perfect for displaying *The Complete Book Of Sea Disasters*, is made from the same authentic ocean debris offered above!

The CB of Sea Disasters Coffee Table....\$239
Flotsam (EC 354-33) only. Jetsam sold out.

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will settle in for the eternal snooze!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE MAUSOLEUM OCCUPANT:



CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Hit by flying chair with 300 lb.
transvestite stripper still in it 2:1

Run over in trailer park while looking
for guests to book on show 5:1

Knocked out by pair of 54 DDD's on
bi-weekly "Your Breasts Are Too Big" show 15:1

Whacked by WWF for stealing their "concept" 25:1

Impaled by Emmy Award falling
off his rec room shelf 398,409,699:1

Suicide prompted
by "sudden attack of conscience" 7,000,000,000:1

WHAT FORM OF
BRUTALITY IS
ON THE RISE AT
SPORTING
EVENTS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

There has been a sharp decline in good sportsmanship among professional athletes over the years. What was once considered unacceptable behavior is now commonplace. But there is one ugly scene at sporting events that makes even the most hardened fans gasp in horror. To find out what excruciating form of pain is being inflicted at games, fold page in as shown.



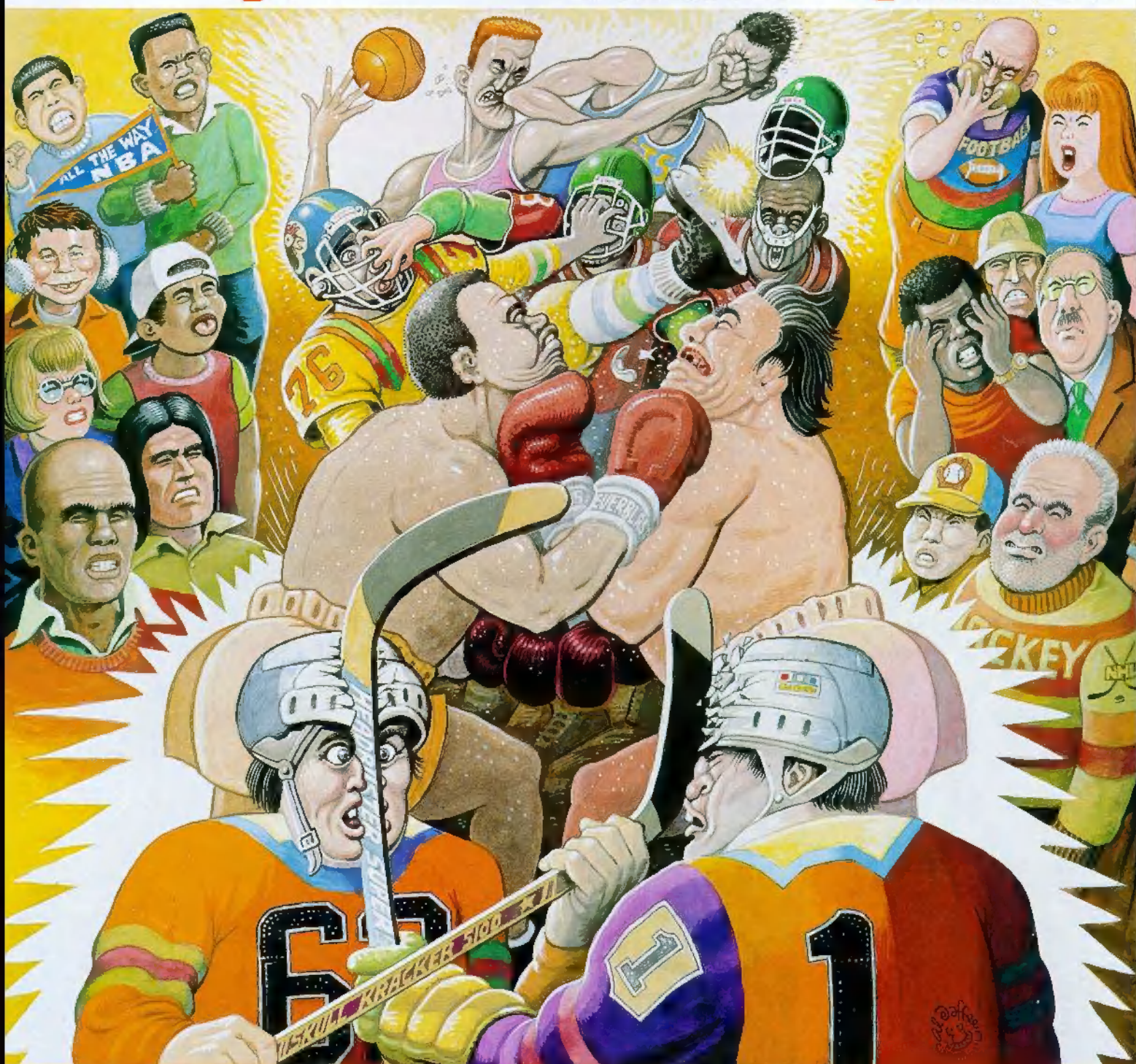
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



HIDDEN IN MANY A FAN'S HEART IS A COURAGEOUS
NATURAL INSTINCT FOR WHAT'S RIGHT. IRRATIONAL
AND OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOR IS BOUND TO ANGER THEM
REGARDLESS OF EXCUSE AND OTHER WEIRD CONDITIONS

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B

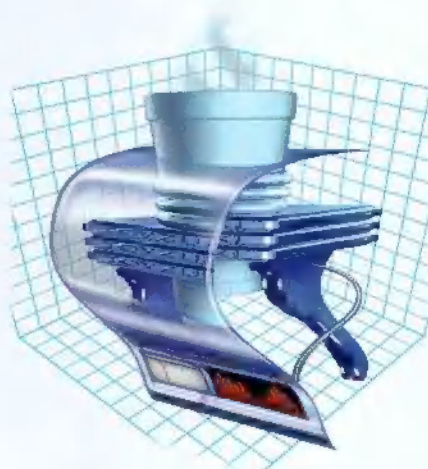
You'll Flip Over The Toyzuki Wrec-4!



With its advanced, computer-controlled rack and pinion steering, only the Toyzuki WREC-4 hugs the road in the toughest weather, from warm, breezy days to the worst partly cloudy-with-a-chance-of-showers conditions. That's why the WREC-4 was rated number one in the latest J.D. Power and Associates Survey of Unsafe Sport Utility Vehicles. It's the rugged off-roader that brings the excitement and the risk back to driving! And with 4% **TOYZUKI** APR financing, the WREC-4 sounds more affordable than it is!

Trouble on the road.

www.badcrash.com



Our world-renowned engineers spent over 35,000 man hours designing this in-dash cup-holder. Imagine how much time that left them to work on the rest of the vehicle.

Warning: Independent tests indicate this vehicle handles differently from ordinary passenger automobiles. Do not attempt to turn left or right, or the Wrec-4 tips over like a wobbly old card table. Even with airbags, always wear your seat belt, although neither will save you from being crushed to death in a WREC-4. Note: Thanks to intense automotive industry lobbying, the government classifies the WREC-4 as a "truck" instead of a "car," which means this oversized gas guzzler gets 2 miles a gallon (your actual mileage may be lower) and pumps more environmentally hazardous fumes into the air than a catastrophic explosion at an off-shore oil rig.